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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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TO CYNTHIA, FIVE YEARS OLD.

IN Cynthia's arbor all the day
 May Fancy mingle with the play:
 Around, like friends with sunny faces,
 May crowds of buttercups and daisies
 Tell her the tales of Wonderland;
 How merry elfs, clasped hand-in-hand,
 Whirl in mad dance around the flowers,
 Or run beneath them if it showers.
 Then, when the sunshine streams again,
 And flashes on the glittering rain
 Till spider's web and lowly grasses
 No queen in radiance surpasses,
 Till every common thing of earth
 Seems conscious of a higher worth,
 Then from their hidden leafy shelter
 The elfs come tumbling helter-skelter,
 And pluck the drops which beaded lie
 To pelt the slow-winged butterfly;
 Or creeping, creeping towards the rushes,
 Where, wrapped in gossamer and blushes,
 Beside the little summer stream
 The water-fairies sit and dream,
 Till, startled by the elfin laughter gay,
 Tney like a lovely vision fade away.
 Then when it thunders overhead,
 The elfs, grown timid, climb to bed,
 Lying quite snug inside the roses,
 With nothing showing but their noses.
 If little Cynthia higher looks,
 Above the land of flowers and brooks,
 The trees will tell her wondrous stories
 Of the young world and its past glories:
 Of knight who rescued lady fair
 Tied to a branch by her long hair;
 It was some ogre, wicked sinner,
 Who meant to kill her for his dinner,
 Served up as a delicious roast,
 Or gently fried on buttered toast;
 Instead of which the gallant knight
 Slew the old ogre in a fight,
 And straightway married then the lady;
 It always ends so in Arcady.
 But higher still if Cynthia looks,
 Above the land of flowers and brooks,
 She'll see the treetops ever springing
 To get up where the larks are singing,
 For they it is who only know
 What the larks mean by singing so;
 Why they must leave all earthly leaven,
 Singing their song 'twixt earth and heaven.
 'Tis said they come from far-off lands,
 Where quiet seas touch golden strands,
 And that some distant day, when sorrow
 And pain shall never have a morrow,
 They'll all fly home and there remain,
 For we'll not need them back again.
 If even higher Cynthia looks,
 Above the land of flowers and brooks,
 She'll see grave Night with stately motion,
 Hushing the old world's wild emotion,
 Draw her dim veil across the skies
 And bring sweet sleep to wearied eyes.
 Now to his nest the lark sinks slowly,
 The very trees seem melancholy,
 The wild rose folds her leaves so rare
 And droops her head, as if in prayer;

The streamlet hears with shuddering awe
 A crow with nightmare mutter, "Caw!"
 Still greater wonders Cynthia gazing
 Will find, for heavenward slowly raising
 Herself above the hillside, there
 Is Cynthia's namesake, oh so fair!
 Making a path of silver glory,
 Like Jacob's ladder in the story.
 But 'tis the countless stars on high
 Complete the tale of mystery;
 Themselves their message utter, they alone,
 Who through the ages there have calmly
 shone.

But yet, if Cynthia looks and does not blink,
 I think she'll find the very stars can wink!

Spectator.

GEORGE J. YOUNG.

MIST.

I CAN rejoice that I have not been born
 In southern climes, where heavens are deep
 and clear,
 Where stars are brighter, and the hues of
 morn
 And sunset shine with richer glow than here;
 Where spring meets autumn in the circling
 year;
 Where myrtles flower, and palm-trees wave
 on high:
 For, had I lived in such an atmosphere,
 The solemn glories of a Northern sky
 Would bring to me not joy, but gloom and
 dread;
 The veils of rainy mist that magnify
 The mighty hills and glaciers round me
 spread,
 While in the clouds is lost the mountain's
 head,
 And every hollow to the baffled eye
 Seems like a sea's unfathomable bed.
 Spectator. JOSEPH JOHN MURPHY.

GLEANERS OF FAME:

A SEPTEMBER SONNET.

HEARKEN not, friend, for the resounding din
 That did the poet's verses once acclaim:
 We are but gleaners in the field of fame,
 Whence the main harvest hath been gathered
 in.
 The sheaves of glory you are fain to win,
 Long since were stored round many a house-
 hold name,
 The reapers of the past, who timely came,
 And brought to end what none can now begin.
 Yet, in the stubbles of renown, 'tis right
 To stoop and gather the remaining ears,
 And carry homeward in the waning light
 What hath been left us by our happier peers;
 So that, befall what may, we be not quite
 Famished of honor in the far-off years.
 Spectator. ALFRED AUSTIN.

From The Contemporary Review.
STATE SOCIALISM.

II.

FEW words are at present more wantonly abused than the words socialism and State socialism. They are tossed about at random, as if their meaning, as was said of the spelling of former generations, was a mere affair of private judgment. There is, in truth, a great deal of socialism in the employment of the word; little respect is paid to the previous appropriation of it; and especially since it has become, as has been said, *hoffähig*, men press forward from the most unlikely quarters, claim kindred with the socialists, and strive for the honor of being called by their name. Many excellent persons, for example, have no better pretext to advance for their claim than that they also feel a warm sentiment of interest in the cause of the poor. Churchmen whose duties bring them among the poor are very naturally touched with a sense of the miseries they observe, and certain of them, who may perhaps without offence be said to love the cause well more than wisely, come to public platforms and declare themselves socialists — socialists, they will sometimes explain, of an older and purer confession than the Social Democratic Federation, but still good and genuine socialists — merely because the religion they preach is a gospel of moral equality before God, and of fraternal responsibility among men, whose very test in the end is the test of human kindness: "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it not to me." But socialism is not a feeling for the poor, nor yet for the responsibilities of society in connection with their poverty; it is neither what is called humanitarianism, nor what is called altruism; it is not an affair of feeling at all, but of organization, and the feeling it breathes may not be altruistic. The revolutionary socialists of the Continent, for instance, are animated by as vigorous a spirit of self-interest and an even more bitter class antagonism than a trade-union or a land-league. They fight for a particular claim of right — the utterly unjustifiable claim to the whole product of labor

— and they propose to turn the world upside down by a vast scheme of social reconstruction in order to get their unjust, delusive, and mischievous idea realized. The gauge of their socialism therefore must, after all, be looked for in their claim and their remedy, and not in the vague sympathies of a benevolent spectator who, without scrutinizing either the one or the other, thinks he will call himself a socialist because he feels that there is much in the lot of the poor man that might be mended, and that the rich might be very properly and reasonably asked to make some sacrifices for their brethren's sake out of their abundance. The philanthropic spectator suffers from no scarcity of words to express his particular attitude if he desires to do so; why then should he not leave socialists the enjoyment of their vocable?

There is often at the bottom of this sentimental patronage of socialism the not unchivalrous but mistaken idea that the ordinary self-interest of the world has been glorified by economists into a sacred and all-sufficing principle which it would be interfering with the designs of providence to restrict, and that therefore it is only right to side with socialism as a protest against the position taken by the apologists of the present system of things, without being understood to commit oneself thereby to the particular system which socialism may propose to put in its place. But while the economists think very rightly that self-interest must always be regarded as the ordinary guide of life, and that the world cannot be reasonably expected to become either better, or better off, if everybody were to look after other people's interest (which he knows nothing about) instead of looking after his own (of which he at least knows something), they are far from showing any indifference to the danger of self-interest running into selfishness. On the contrary, they have constantly insisted — as the evidence we have already produced abundantly proves — that where the self-interest of the strongly placed failed to subject itself spontaneously to the restraints of social justice and the responsibilities of our common humanity, it was for society to

step in and impose the restraints that were just and requisite, and to do so either by public opinion or by public authority in the way most likely to be practicable and effectual. Another thing our sentimental friends forget is that the socialists of the present day have no thought of substituting any other general economic motive in the room of self-interest. If they had their schemes realized to-morrow, men would still be paid according to the amount of their individual work, and each would work so far for his own hand. His daily motive would be his individual interest, though his scope of achievement would be severely limited by law with the view of securing a better general level of happiness in the community. The question between economists and socialists is not whether the claims of social justice are entitled to be respected, but whether the claims which one or other of them make really are claims of social justice or no. Still, so firm is the hold taken by the notion that the socialists are the special champions of social justice, that one of our most respected prelates has actually defined socialism in that sense. The Bishop of Rochester, in his pastoral letter to his clergy last New Year, takes occasion, while warning the younger brethren against the too headlong philanthropy which "scouts what is known as the science of political economy," to describe socialism as "the science of maintaining the right proportion of equity and kindness while adjudicating the various claims which individuals and society mutually make upon each other." In reality, socialism would be better defined as a system that outsteps the right proportion of equity and kindness, and sets up for the masses claims that are devoid of proportion and measure of any kind, and whose injustice and peril often arise from that very circumstance.

If bishops carry the term off to one quarter, philosophers carry it to another. Some identify socialism with the associative principle generally, and see it manifested in the growth of one form of organization as much as in the growth of another, or at most they may limit it to the intervention of the associative prin-

ciple in things industrial, and in that event they would consider a joint-stock company, or a co-operative store, or perhaps a building like Queen Anne's Mansions, or the common-stair system of Scotland, to be as genuine exhibitions of socialism as the collectivism or anarchism of the Continental factions or the State monopolies of Prince Bismarck. But a joint stock company is no departure from—it is rather an extension of—the present *régime* of private property, free competition, and self-interest; and why should it be described by the same name as a system whose chief pretension is to supersede that *régime* by a better? Another very common definition of socialism—perhaps the most common of all, and the last to which we shall refer here—is that socialism is the general principle of giving society the greatest possible control over the life of the individual, in contradistinction to the opposite principle of individualism, which is taken to be the principle of giving the individual the greatest possible immunity from the control of society. Any extension of the authority of the State, any fresh regulation of the transactions of individual citizens, is often pronounced to be socialistic without asking what the object or nature of the regulations may be. Socialism is identified with any enlargement, and individualism with any contraction, of the functions of government. But the world has not been made on this socialist principle alone, nor on this individualist principle alone, and it can neither be explained nor amended by means of the one without the other. Abstractions of that order afford us little practical guidance. The socialists of real life are not men who are bent on increasing government control for the mere sake of increasing government control. There are broad tracts of the individual's life they would leave free from social control; they would give him, for example, full property in his house and furniture during his lifetime, and the right to spend his income, once he had earned it, in his own way. Their scheme, if carried out, might be found to compel them to restrict this latter right, but their own desire and belief undoubtedly is that

the individual would have more freedom of the kind than he has now. They seek to extend government control only because, and only so far as, they believe government control to be necessary and fitted to realize certain theories of right and well-being which they think it incumbent on organized society to realize; and consequently the thing that properly characterizes their position, is not so much the degree of their confidence in the powers of the State as the nature of the theories of right for which they invoke its intervention. And just as socialists do not enlarge the bounds of authority from the mere love of authority, so their opponents do not resist the enlargement from the mere hatred of authority. They raise no controversy about the abstract legitimacy of government encroachments on the sphere of private capital or of legal enlargements of the rights or privileges of labor. There is no socialism in that; the socialism only comes in when the encroachments are made on a field where government administration is unlikely to answer and where the rights conferred are rights to which labor can present no just and reasonable claim.

It will be objected that this is to reduce socialism to a mere matter of more or less. The English economists, it will be said, practised a little socialism, because they allowed the use of State means to elevate the condition of the working classes, or to provide for the wants of the general community; and the Continental social democrats only practise a little more socialism when they cry for a working-class State or for the progressive nationalization of all industries. But in practical life the measure is everything. So many grains of opium will cure, so many more will kill. The important thing for adjusting claims must always be to get the right measure, and the objection to socialistic schemes is precisely this, that they take up a theory of distributive justice which is an absolutely wrong measure, or else some vague theory of disinheritance which contains no measure at all. They would nationalize industries without paying any respect to their suitability for government management, simply because they want to see

all industries nationalized; and they would grant all manner of compensating advantages to the working class as instalments of some vague claim, either of economic right from which they are alleged to have been ousted by the system of capitalism, or of aboriginal natural right from which they are said to have been disinherited by the general arrangements of society itself. What distinguishes their position and makes it socialism is therefore precisely this absence of measure or of the right measure, and one great advantage of the English doctrine of social politics which I expounded in a previous article, is that it is able to supply this indispensable criterion. That doctrine would limit the industrial undertakings of the State to such as it possessed natural advantages for conducting successfully, and the State's part in social reform to securing for the people the essential conditions of all humane living, of all normal and progressive manhood. It would interfere, indeed, as little as possible with liberty of speculation; because it recognizes that the best way of promoting social progress and prosperity is to multiply the opportunities, and with the opportunities the incentives, of talent and capital; but, while giving the strong their head, in the belief that they will carry on the world so far after them, it would insist on the public authority taking sharp heed that no large section of the common people be suffered to fall permanently behind in the race, to lose the very conditions of further progress, and to lapse into ways of living which the opinion of the time thinks unworthy of our common humanity. Now, State socialism disregards these limits, straying generally far beyond them, and it may not improperly be defined as the system which requires the State to do work it is unfit to do in order to invest the working classes with privileges they have no right to get.

The term State socialism originated in Germany a few years ago to express the antithesis not of free, voluntary, or Christian socialism, as seems frequently to be imagined here, but of revolutionary socialism, which is always considered to be socialism proper because it is the only

form of the system that is of any serious moment at the present day. State socialism has the same general aims as socialism proper, only it would carry out its plans gradually by means of the existing State, instead of first overturning the existing State by revolution and establishing in its place a new political organization for the purpose, the social democratic republic. There are socialists who fancy they have but at any moment to choose a government and issue a decree, as Napoleon once did. "Let misery be abolished this day fortnight"—and misery would be abolished that day fortnight. But the State socialists are unable to share this simple faith. They are State socialists not because they have more confidence in the State than other socialists, but because they have less. They consider it utterly futile to expect a democratic community ever to be able to create a political executive that should be powerful enough to carry through the entire socialistic programme. Like the social Conservatives of all countries, like our own Young England party for example, or the Tory Democrats of the present generation, they combine a warm zeal for popular amelioration with a profound distrust of popular government; but when compared with other socialists they take a very sober view of the capacity of government of any kind; and although they believe implicitly in the "social monarchy of the Hohenzollerns," they doubt whether the strongest monarchy the world has ever seen would be strong enough to effect a socialistic reconstruction of the industrial system without retaining the existence for many centuries to come of the ancient institutions of private property and inheritance.

All that is at least very frankly acknowledged by Rodbertus, the remarkable but overrated thinker whom the State socialists of Germany have chosen for their father. Rodbertus was always regarded as a great oracle by Lassalle, the originator of the present socialist agitation, and his authority is constantly quoted by the most eminent luminary among the State socialists of these latter days, Prince Bismarck's economic adviser, Professor Adolph Wagner, who says it was Rodbertus that first shed on him "the Damascus light that tore from his eyes the scales of economic individualism." Rodbertus had lived for a quarter of a century in a political sulk against the Hohenzollerns. Though he had served as a minister of State, he threw up his political career rather than accept a constitution as a

mere royal favor; he refused to work under it or recognize it by so much as a vote at the polls. But when the power of the Hohenzollerns became established by the victories of Königgrätz and Sedan, and when they embarked on their new policy of State socialism, Rodbertus developed into one of their most ardent worshippers. Their new social policy, it is true, was avowedly adopted as a corrective of socialism, as a kind of inoculation with a milder type of the disease in order to procure immunity from a more malignant; but Bismarck contended at the same time that it was nothing but the old traditional policy of the house of Prussia, which had long before placed the right of existence and the right of labor in the statute-book of the country, and whose most illustrious member, Frederick the Great, used to be fond of calling himself "the beggars' king." Under these circumstances Rodbertus came to place the whole hope of the future in the "social monarchy of the Hohenzollerns," and ventured to prophesy that a socialist emperor would yet be born to that house who would rule possibly with a rod of iron, but would always rule for the greatest good of the laboring class. Still, even under a dynasty of socialist emperors Rodbertus gave five hundred years for the completion of the economic revolution he contemplated, because he acknowledged it would take all that time for society to acquire the moral principle and habitual firmness of will which would alone enable it to dispense with the institutions of private property and inheritance without suffering serious injury.

In theory Rodbertus was a believer in the modern social-democratic doctrine of the laborer's right to the full product of his labor—the doctrine which gives itself out as "scientific socialism" because it is got by combining a misunderstanding of Ricardo's theory of wages with a misunderstanding of the same economist's theory of value—and which would abolish rent, interest, profit, and all forms of "laborless income," and give the entire gross product to the laborer, because by that union of scientific blunders it is made to appear that the laborer has produced the whole product himself. Rodbertus in fact claimed to be the author of that doctrine, and fought for the priority with Marx, though in reality the English socialists had drawn the same conclusions from the same blunders long before either of them; but author or no author of it, his sole reason for touching the work of social reform at all was to get that particular

claim of right recognized. Yet for five hundred years Rodbertus will not wrong the laborers by granting them their full rights. He admits that without the assistance of the private capitalist during that interval laborers would not produce so much work, and therefore could not earn so much wages as they do now; and consequently, in spite of his theories, he declines to suppress rent and interest in the mean time, and practically tells the laborers they must wait for the full product of labor till the time comes when they can produce the full product themselves. That is virtually to confess that while the claim may be just then, it is unjust now; and although Rodbertus never makes that acknowledgment, he is content to leave the claim in abeyance and to put forward in its place, as a provisional ideal of just distribution more conformable to the present situation of things, the claim of the laborer to a progressive share, step for step with the capitalist, in the results of the increasing productivity given to labor by inventions and machinery. He thought that at present, so far from getting the whole product of labor, the laborer was getting a less and less share of its products every day, and though this can be easily shown to be a delusive fear, Rodbertus's State socialism was devised to counteract it.

For this purpose the first requisite was the systematic management of all industries by the State. The final goal was to be State property as well as State management, but for the greater part of five centuries the system would be private property and State management. Sir Rowland Hill and the English railway nationalizers proposed that the State should own the lines, but that the companies should continue to work them; Rodbertus's idea, on the contrary, is that the State should work, but not own. But then the State should manage everything and everywhere. Co-operation and joint-stock management were as objectionable to him as individual management. He thought it a mere delusion to suppose, as some socialists did, that the growth of joint-stock companies and co-operative societies is a step in historical evolution toward a socialist *régime*. It was just the opposite; it was individual property in a worse form, and he always told his friend Lassalle that it was a hopeless dream to expect to bring in the reign of justice and brotherhood by his plan of founding productive associations on State credit, because productive societies really led the

other way, and created batches of joint-stock property, which he said would make itself a thousand times more bitterly hated than the individual property of to-day. One association would compete with another, and the group on a rich mine would use their advantage over the group on a poor one as mercilessly as private capitalists do now. Nothing would answer in the end but State property, and nothing would conduce to State property but State management.

The object of all this intervention, as we have said, is to realize a certain ideal or standard of fair wages — the standard according to which a fair wage is one that grows step by step with the productive capacity of the country; and the plan Rodbertus proposes to realize it by is practically a scheme of compulsory profit-sharing. He would convert all land and capital into an irredeemable national stock, of which the present owners would be constituted the first or original holders, which they might sell or transfer at pleasure but not call up, and on which they should receive, not a fixed rent or rate of interest, but an annual dividend varying with the produce or profits of the year. The produce of the year was to be divided into three parts: one for the landowners, to be shared according to the amount of stock they respectively held; a second for the capitalists, to be shared in the same way; and the third for the laborers, to be shared by them according to the quantity of work they did, measured by the time occupied and the relative strain of their several trades. This division was necessarily very arbitrary in its nature; there was no principle whatever to decide how much should go to the landowners, and how much to capitalists, and how much to laborers; and although there was a rule for settling the price of labor in one trade as compared with the price of labor in another, it is a rule that would afford very little practical guidance if one came to apply it in actual life. At all events, Rodbertus himself toiled for years at a working plan for his scheme of wages, but though he always gave out that he had succeeded in preparing one, he steadily refused to disclose it even to trusted admirers like Lassalle and Rudolph Meyer, on the singular pretext that the world knew too little political economy as yet to receive it, and at his death nothing of the sort seems to have been discovered among his papers. Is it doing him any injustice to infer that he had never been able to arrive at a plan that satisfied

his own mind as to its being neither arbitrary nor impracticable?

Now this is a good specimen of State socialism, because it is so complete and brings out so decisively the broad characteristics of the system. In the first place, it desires a progressive and indiscriminate nationalization of all industries, not because it thinks they will be more efficiently or more economically managed in consequence of the change, but merely as a preliminary step towards a particular scheme of social reform; in the next place, that scheme of social reform is an ideal of equitable distribution which is demonstrably false, and is admittedly incapable of immediate realization; in the third place, a provisional policy is adopted in the mean while by pitching arbitrarily on a certain measure of privileges and advantages that are to be guaranteed to the laboring classes by law as partial instalments of rights deferred or compensations for rights alleged to be taken away.

It may be that not many State socialists are so thoroughgoing as Rodbertus. Few of them possibly accept his theory of the laborer's right—which is virtually that the laborer has a right to everything, all existing wealth being considered merely an accumulation of unpaid labor—and few of them may throw so heavy a burden on the State as the whole production and the whole distribution of the country. But they all start from some theory of right that is just as false, and they all impose work on the State which the State cannot creditably perform. They all think of the mass of mankind as being disinherited in one way or another by the present social system, perhaps through the permission of private property at all, perhaps through permission of its inequalities. M. de Laveleye indeed goes a step further back still. In an article he has contributed on this subject to the *Contemporary Review*, he uses as his motto the saying of M. Renan that nature is injustice itself, and he would have society to correct not merely the inequalities which society may have itself had a share in establishing, but also the inequalities of talent or opportunity which are nature's own work. Accordingly, M. de Laveleye describes himself as a State socialist, because he thinks "the State ought to make use of its legitimate powers for the establishment of the equality of conditions among men in proportion to their personal merit." Equality of conditions and personal merit are inconsistent standards, but if they were harmonious, it would be beyond the power of

the State to realize them for want of an effective calculus of either.

Few State socialists, however, profess the purpose of correcting the differences of native endowment; for the most part, when they found their policy on any theoretic idea at all, they found it on some idea of historical reparation. In this country, socialist notions always crop up out of the land. German socialists direct their attack mainly on capital, but English socialism fastens very naturally on property in land, which in England is concentrated into unnaturally few hands; and a claim is very commonly advanced for more or less indefinite compensation to the laboring class on account of their alleged disinheritance, through the institution of private property, from their aboriginal or natural rights to the use of the earth, the common possession of the race. That is the ground, for example, which Mr. Spencer takes for advocating land nationalization, and Mr. Chamberlain for his various claims for "ransom." The last comer is held to have as good a right to the free use of the earth as the first occupant; and if society deprives him of that right for purposes of its own, he is maintained to be entitled to receive some equivalent, as if society does not already give the new-comer vastly more than it took away. His chances of obtaining a decent living in the world, instead of being reduced, have been immensely multiplied through the social system that has resulted from the private appropriation of land. The primitive economic rights whose loss socialists make the subject of so much lamentation are generally considered to be these four: (1) the right to hunt; (2) the right to fish; (3) the right to gather nuts and berries; and (4) the right to feed a cow or sheep on the waste land. Fourier added a fifth—which was certainly a right much utilized in early times—the right of theft from people over the border of the territory of one's own tribe. Let that right be thrown in with the rest; then the claim with which every English child is alleged to be born, and for which compensation is asked, is the claim to a thirty-millionth part of the value of these five aboriginal uses of the soil of England; and what is that worth? Why, if the "prairie value" of the soil is estimated at the high figure of a shilling the acre per annum, it would only give every inhabitant something under half a crown, and when compensation is demanded for the loss of this ridiculous pittance, one calls to mind what immensely greater

compensations the modern child is born to. Civilization is itself a social property, a common fund, a people's heritage, accumulating from one generation to another, and opening to the new-comer economic opportunities and careers incomparably better and more numerous than the ancient liberties of fishing in the stream or nutting in the forest. The things actually demanded for the poor in liquidation of this alleged claim may often be admissible on other grounds altogether, but to ask them in the name of compensation or ransom for the loss of those primitive economic rights—even though it was done by Spencer and Cobden—is certainly State socialism.

The favorite theory on which the German State socialists proceed seems to be that men are entitled to an equalization of opportunities, to an immunity, as far as human power can secure it, from the interposition of chance and change. That at least is the view of Professor Adolph Wagner, whose position on the subject is of considerable consequence, because he is the economist-in-ordinary to the German government, and has been Prince Bismarck's principal adviser in connection with all his recent social legislation. Professor Wagner may be taken as the most eminent and most authoritative exponent of the theory of State socialism, and he has very recently developed his views on the subject afresh in some articles in the *Tübingen Zeitschrift für die Gesammten Staatswissenschaften* for 1887, on "Finanz-politik und Staatsozialismus." According to Wagner, the chief aim of the State at present—in taxation and in every other form of its activity—ought to be to alter the national distribution of wealth to the advantage of the working class. All politics must become social politics; the State must turn workman's friend. For we have arrived at a new historical period; and just as the feudal period gave way to the absolutist period, and the absolutist period to the constitutional, so now the constitutional period is merging in what ought to be called the social period, because social ideas are very properly coming more and more to influence and control everything, alike in the region of production, in the region of distribution, and in the region of consumption. Now, according to Wagner, the business of the State socialist is simply to facilitate the development of this change—to work out the transition from the constitutional to the social epoch in the best, wisest, and most wholesome way for all parties con-

cerned. He rejects the so-called "scientific socialism" of Marx, and Rodbertus, and Lassalle, and the practical policy of the social-democratic agitation; and he will not believe either that a false theory like theirs can obtain a lasting influence, or that a party that builds itself on such a theory can ever become a real power. But, at the same time, he cannot set down the socialistic theory as a mere philosophical speculation, or the socialistic movement as merely an artificial product of agitation. The evils of both lie in the actual situation of things; they are products—necessary products, he says—of our modern social development: and they will never be effectually quieted till that development is put on more salutary lines. They have a soul of truth in them, and that soul of truth in the doctrines and demands of radical socialism is what State socialism seeks to disengage, to formulate, to realize. It is quite true, for example, that the present distribution of wealth, with its startling inequalities of accumulation and want, is historically the effect, first, of class legislation and class administration of law; and second, of mere blind chance operating on a legal *régime* of private property and industrial freedom, and a state of the arts which gave the large scale of production decided technical advantages. In one of his former writings Professor Wagner contended that German peasants lived to this day in mean, thatched huts, simply because their ancestors had been impoverished by feudal exactions and ruined by wars which they had no voice in declaring; and he seems to be now as profoundly impressed with the belief that the present liberty allowed to unscrupulous speculators to utilize the chances and opportunities of trade at the cost of others is producing evils in no way less serious, which ought to be checked effectively while there is yet time. So long as such tendencies are left at work, he says it is idle trying to treat socialism with any cunning admixture of cakes and blows, or charging State socialists with heating the oven of social democracy. State socialists, he continues, comprehend the disease which radical socialists only feel wildly and call down fire to cure, and they are as much opposed to the purely working-class State of the latter as they are to the purely constitutional State of our modern *Liberalismus vulgaris*, as Wagner calls it.

The true social State lies, in his opinion, between the two. What the new social era demands—the era which is already,

he thinks, well in course of development, but which it is the business of State socialism to help Providence to develop aright—is the effective participation of poor and rich alike in the civilization which the increased productive resources of society afford the means of enjoying; and this is to be brought about in two ways: first, by a systematic education of the whole people according to a well-planned ideal of culture, and second, by a better distribution of the income of society among the masses. Now, to carry out these requirements, the idea of liberty proper to the constitutional era must naturally be finally discarded, and a very large hand must be allowed to the public authority in every department of human activity, whether relating to the production, distribution, or consumption of wealth. In the first place, in order to destroy the effect of chance and the utilization of chances in creating the present accumulations in private hands, it is necessary to divert into the public treasury as far as possible the whole of that part of the national income which goes now, in the form of rent, interest, or profit, into the pockets of the owners of land and capital, and the conductors of business enterprises. Wagner would accordingly nationalize (or municipalize) gradually so much of the land, capital, and industrial undertakings of the country as could be efficiently managed as public property or public enterprises, and that would include all undertakings which tend to become monopolies even in private hands, or which, being conducted best on the large scale, are already managed under a form of organization which, in his opinion, has most of the faults and most of the merits of State management—viz, the form of joint-stock companies. He would in this way throw on the government all the great means of communication and transport, railways and canals, telegraphs and post, and all banking and insurance; and on the municipalities all such things as the gas, light, and water supply. Although he recognizes the suitability of government management as a consideration to be weighed in nationalizing an industry, he states explicitly that the reason for the change he proposes is not in the least the fiscal or economic one that the industry can be more advantageously conducted by the government, but is a theory of social politics which requires that the whole economic work of the people ought to be more and more converted from the form of private into the form of public organization, so that every working

man might be a public servant and enjoy the same assured existence that other public servants at present possess.

In the next place, since many industries must remain in private hands, the State is bound to see the existence of the laborers engaged in private works guaranteed as securely as those engaged in public works. It must take steps to provide them with both an absolute and a relative increase of wages by instituting a compulsory system of paying wages as a percentage of the gross produce; it must guarantee them a certain continuity of employment; must limit the hours of their labor to the length prescribed by the present state of the arts in the several trades; and supply a system of public insurance against accidents, sickness, infirmity, and age, together with a provision for widows and orphans.

In the third place, all public works are to be managed on the socialistic principle of supplying manual laborers with commodities at a cheaper rate than their social superiors. They are to have advantages in the matters of gas and water supply, railway fares, school fees, and everything else that is provided by the public authority.

In the fourth place, taxation is to be employed directly to mitigate the inequalities of wealth resulting from the present commercial system, and to save and even increase the laborer's income at the expense of the income of other classes. This is to be done by the progressive income-tax, and by the application of the product of indirect taxation on certain articles of working-class consumption to special working-class ends. For example, he thinks Prince Bismarck's proposed tobacco monopoly might be made "the patrimony of the disinherited."

In the fifth place, the State ought to take measures to wean the people not only from noxious forms of expenditure, like the expenditure on strong drink, but from useless and wasteful expenditure, and to guide them into a more economic, far-going, and beneficial employment of the earnings they make.

Now for all this work, involving as it does so large an amount of interference with the natural liberty of things, Wagner not unnaturally thinks that a strong government is absolutely indispensable,—a government that knows its own mind, and has the power and the will to carry it out; a government whose authority is established in the history and opinion of the nation, and stands high above all the con

tending political factions of the hour. And in Germany, such an executive can only be found in the present empire, which is merely following "Frederician and Josephine traditions" in coming forward, as it did in the imperial message of November, 1881, as a genuine "social monarchy."

In this doctrine of Professor Wagner we find the same general features we have already seen in the doctrine of Rodbertus. It is true he would not nationalize all industries whatsoever; he would only nationalize such industries as the State is really fit to manage successfully. He admits that uneconomic management can never contribute to the public good, and so far he accepts a very sound principle of limitation. But then he applies the principle with too great laxity. He has an excessive idea of the State's capacities. He thinks that every business now conducted by a joint-stock company could be just as well conducted by the government, and ought therefore to be nationalized; but experience shows—railway experience, for example—that joint-stock management, when it is good, is better than government management at its best. Then Professor Wagner thinks every industry which has a natural tendency to become in any case a practical monopoly would be better in the hands of the government; but government might interfere enough to restrain the mischiefs of monopoly—as it does in the case of railways in this country, for example—without incurring the liabilities of complete management. Professor Wagner would in these ways throw a great deal of work on government which government is not very fit to accomplish successfully, and he would like to throw everything on it, if he could overcome his scruples about its capabilities, because he thinks industrial nationalization could facilitate the realization of his particular views of the equitable distribution of wealth. It is true, again, that Wagner's theory of equitable distribution is not the theory of Rodbertus—he rejects the right of labor to the whole product; but his theory, if less definite, is not less unjustifiable. It is virtually the theory of equality of conditions which considers all inequalities of fortune wrong, because they are held to come either from chance, or—what is worse—from an unjust utilization of chance, and which, on that account, takes comparative poverty to constitute of itself a righteous claim for compensation as against comparative wealth. Now, a state of enforced equality

of conditions would probably be found neither possible nor desirable, but it is in its very conception unjust. It may be well, as far as it can be done, to check refined methods of deceit, or cruel utilizations of an advantageous position, but it can never be right to deprive energy, talent, and character of the natural reward and incentive of their exertions. The world would soon be poor if it discouraged the skill of the skilful, as it would soon cease to be virtuous if it ostracized those who were pre-eminently honest or just. The idea of equality has been a great factor in human progress, but it requires no such outcome as this. Equality is but the respect we owe to human dignity, and that very respect for human dignity demands security for the fruits of industry to the successful, and security against the loss of the spirit of personal independence in the mass of the people. But while that is so, there is one broad requirement of that same fundamental respect for human dignity which must be admitted to be wholly just and reasonable—the requirement which we have seen to have been recognized by the English economists—that the citizens be, as far as possible, secured, if necessary by public compulsion and public money, in the elementary conditions of all humane living. The State might not be right if it gave the aged a comfortable superannuation allowance, or the unemployed agreeable work at good wages; but it is only doing its duty when, with the English law, it gives them enough to keep them without taking away from the one the motives for making a voluntary provision against age, or from the other the spur to look out for work for themselves.

It will be said that this is a standard that is subject to a certain variability; that a house may be considered unfit for habitation now that our fathers would have been fain to occupy; that shoes seem an indispensable element of humane living now, though, as Adam Smith informs us, they were still only an optional decency in some parts of Scotland in his time. But any differences of this nature lead to no practical difficulty, and the standard is fixity of measure itself when compared with the indefinite claims that may be made in the name of historical compensation, or wild theories of distributive justice, and it makes a wholesome appeal to recognized obligations of humanity instead of feeding a violent sense of unbounded hereditary wrong. No reasonable person will find fault with the actual

proposals of social reform put forward by Mr. Chamberlain, for he is far from socialist in the substance of his proposals. He has disclaimed all sympathy with the idea of equality of conditions; he hesitates about applying the graduated taxation principle to anything but legacies; and he explicitly says he will do nothing to discourage the cumulative principle in the rich, or the habit of industry in the poor; he asks mainly for free schools, free libraries, free parks, and other things of a like character that come entirely within the scope of the English economic tradition; but when he asks for them as a penalty for wrongdoing (so he has defined "ransom") instead of an obligation of ability, he chooses ground that is both weak and dangerous; weak, because the rights out of which society is alleged to have ousted the unfortunate have been compensated a hundredfold already; and dangerous, because it must nurse a spirit of disaffection and a habit of making vague and unmeasured demands.

Had space permitted, we should now have followed the theory of State socialism out into the practice, and illustrated from the experience of various countries, the working and effects of State socialism in the nationalization of industries, in the adjustments of rights and claims, and in the manipulation of taxation; but must forbear for the present. JOHN RAE.

From Longman's Magazine.
POOR HARRY.

ONE Sunday morning, in the month of July, 1883, a dreadful thing happened at the parish church of Motcombe Regis during divine service. The rector had selected for his text that passage from the epistle of St. Paul to the Colossians in which the apostle exhorts his followers to set their affections on things above, not on things of the earth, and he was, as usual, jogging along quite comfortably towards his application, while two-thirds of the congregation — also as usual and quite as comfortably — had composed themselves to sleep, when he and they were startled by a clear young voice, coming from the west end of the building, which called out audibly, "That's a lie!"

If one were put upon one's oath as an accurate historian, one would be compelled to add that the word "lie" was preceded by a forcible and profane adjective; but really the ejaculation is quite

bad enough as it stands; and what made it the more unpardonable was that it was altogether inappropriate. For what was poor Mr. Staddon saying when he was thus scandalously interrupted? Why, simply that the objects upon which we are apt to set our affections here below are as often as not those which, if granted to us, would by no means promote our happiness, and that most of us have very good reason to be thankful for our disappointments. That, surely, is a truth so elementary that nobody could lose much by having slept through the enunciation of it, and that its enunciator might fairly expect it to pass unchallenged under any circumstances. Harry Lear, however, thought differently, and took the unheard-of course of expressing his dissent in the manner described.

Well, he was hustled out of church by two of his friends (who, perhaps, made rather more noise over it than was necessary), and nobody fell asleep again, and the rector, in a somewhat trembling voice, brought his discourse to a conclusion.

The rector, good man, was terribly upset by this episode, the remembrance of which made him miserable throughout the rest of the day. He had some rough fellows in his parish, and though none of them had ever gone the length of creating a disturbance in church, he would not have been so very much surprised if they had, because, in truth, their respect for authority was small, especially since certain political agitators had come down to turn their heads with harangues about the rights of labor and the nationalization of the land. But that Harry Lear, who had sung in the choir as a boy, whom he himself had prepared for confirmation, and whom he had firmly believed to be a fine, steady, manly lad — that Harry Lear, of all people, should so grossly misconduct himself, was sad and inexplicable indeed. Or rather, it was not exactly inexplicable; only the explanation — the sole conceivable explanation — was almost as distressing as the offence; for very evident it was to the rector that Harry, when he had come to church that day, must have had too much to drink.

Mr. Staddon was a bachelor. It is possible that if he had been a married man, his inductive capacities would have been less limited, and it is also possible that in that case his disposition to condone such sins as drunkenness and profanity would have been a shade less ready. Not, indeed, that he underrated the heinousness of these crimes, but he could make more

allowance for temptation than ladies are generally disposed to do; besides which, it was his creed that genuine and hearty repentance is the utmost that one erring mortal ought to demand of another. Now when he awoke on the Monday morning he was as sure as he could be of anything that Harry Lear must by that time be sincerely penitent; and so after breakfast he set forth to rebuke the delinquent with a tolerably confident expectation of receiving the apology which was his due.

He tramped briskly downwards across the heathery moorland (for Motcombe Regis stands high upon the hill country on the borders of Devon and Cornwall), his black coat-tails fluttering and his long grey hair blown back from his rosy cheeks, as he met the west wind, until he reached that sunny and sheltered ravine which old Mr. Lear, by the indefatigable industry of a lifetime, had succeeded in converting into the most prolific market-garden for many miles round. There, as he had anticipated, the first person whom he saw was old Mr. Lear himself; and old Mr. Lear, on descrying his visitor, stuck his fork into the manure-heap upon which he had been engaged, straightened his bent back, raised his forefinger to the brim of his battered hat, and said, "Mornin', sir."

"Good morning, Mr. Lear," returned the rector. "This is a bad business. I did not see you in church yesterday; but your wife, I believe, was there, and you must have heard what occurred. It is a most disgraceful affair — most disgraceful and shameful!"

Mr. Lear dropped his arms upon the gate which separated him from his interlocutor. He was a little wizened old man — aged rather by toil and exposure than by time — who at all seasons and in all weathers wore a tall hat, a waistcoat with black calico sleeves, corduroy breeches, and leather gaiters. "So 'tis, sir," he agreed, in the tone of an impartial observer of men and things. "Aw, yis, 'tis shameful, sure enough."

"So much so," continued the rector, "that I am certain Harry would never have behaved in such a way if he had been in his sober senses. But that, you see, unfortunately brings us to the conclusion that he was *not* sober."

Mr. Lear shook his head decisively. To begin with, his boy was no drunkard; in the second place, he had had no opportunity of getting drunk on the previous day; thirdly and lastly, he certainly had not been drunk.

"Well, but, Mr. Lear, if he was not in-

toxicated, he knew what he was doing; and what motive can you suggest for his having insulted me, and, what is far worse, insulted his Maker as he did?"

"Well," answered Mr. Lear, slowly drawing his hand across his chin, which had been shaved twenty four hours before, and was therefore less stubby than usual, "'tis a long story to tell 'ee, sir, and I don't know as I could tell it rightly if I was to try; but to cut it short, what he's got in his mind is to 'list for a sodger. Goin' down to Plymouth and seein' of the redcoats maybe — I don't know — and his mother she's mortal angry with him, and won't so much as hear it spoke of."

"No wonder!" ejaculated the rector. "Dear, dear! I'm very sorry to hear this. Still I don't quite see how it accounts for his conduct."

"Don't know as it does, sir; but there's been a deal o' talk and hargymnt, and his mother bein' such a pious woman and a bit fond of her own way tu, as I'm bound to own — what I mean to say, a young feller as'd like to have *his* own way might be druv to desp'rate courses."

"I see," said the rector meditatively; "you think he deliberately behaved in such a way as to make his mother ashamed to keep him in the parish. But surely, Mr. Lear, you yourself can't wish your only son to go away and leave you in your old age!"

To this Mr. Lear made no reply. He had taken up his fork again, and was casting manure to right and left of him in a somewhat reckless fashion. He was evidently agitated, but did not seem desirous of expressing any sentiments of his own upon the subject.

"Well," said the rector after a pause, "I dare say I had better speak to Harry himself."

Mr. Lear silently intimated his concurrence in that view. "Though the boy did ought to beg your pardon, sir," said he; "yis, that he did."

The rector made his way through the gooseberry and currant bushes to the one-storied white house, the interior of which was always kept in a condition of such scrupulous cleanliness by Mrs. Lear. He found that thin, hard-featured woman in the kitchen, where it was plain that she had been expecting his visit, and where, after dusting a wooden chair for him with her apron, she listened in ill-disguised impatience to his introductory remarks.

"'Tis all along o' that gell, sir!" she broke in long before he had finished what he had to say. "Who be she, I'd like to

know, to turn up her nose at her betters? But Harry he's been fairly mazed ever since she began to cold-shoulder him, and now he don't think no more o' dissecrating the Lord's house than he do of breakin' his mother's heart."

"Oho!" said the rector, smiling; "so there's a young woman at the bottom of it, is there? I might have guessed as much. And pray, who is this young woman?"

"Oh, la!—there!" exclaimed Mrs. Lear with a snort (for, although she was a zealous Churchwoman, she was well aware that respect for Mr. Staddon's sacred calling was compatible with a poor opinion of his individual perspicacity), "'tis that Bella Harvey, the schoolmissus, as everybody in the parish knows. And I on'y wish she'd stopped down to Plymouth, where she got the book-larin' she's so proud about, 'stead o' comin' back here to make all this mischief."

"Isabella Harvey?" said the rector. "A most respectable girl and a very efficient teacher. I am sorry Harry has been unsuccessful; but I applaud his choice—I applaud his choice."

This made Mrs. Lear very angry, and as she had always a fine flow of language at command she proceeded for the best part of a quarter of an hour to descant upon the demoralizing effects of "eddications" in general and its evil consequences as exemplified in the case of Bella Harvey in particular, while the rector drummed upon the table with his fingers and smiled and let her talk on. He did not contradict her, but when she paused to take breath he got up and said he thought he would go and try to find Harry. In truth the good man was not displeased by what he had heard. This reckless conduct and this talk about enlisting were foolish enough, no doubt; but, since they had their origin in an honest love affair, there was hope for the offender.

However, the matter was more serious than he imagined, and he changed his point of view after a few minutes' conversation with Harry, whom he discovered in the orchard. That blue-eyed, curly-headed young giant was sitting idly under an apple-tree, his back resting against the trunk, his legs stretched out before him, and his hands thrust into his pockets. He did not get up, nor did he express any contrition for what he had done.

"I've said it, and I won't take it back," was his dogged reply to what, considering all things, was not a very severe lecture.

"I don't see no manner o' good in telling people that curses is blessings. 'Tain't true—and they know it—and you know it."

"Harry, Harry!" said the rector sorrowfully, "I never thought to hear you speak like that to me. I may have failed in my duty as a parish priest, and I am afraid you are a proof that I have failed; but at least you ought to know that I would not wilfully say from the pulpit what I believed to be untrue."

Then Harry rose to his full height of six foot two, while a distressed look spread itself over his handsome face. "What be I to do, sir?" he exclaimed. "Father knows how 'tis with me; but mother she won't see it; and I don't want to run away from home like a thief. Where's the shame of serving her Majesty? 'Tis better to do that than to stop on here and go to the devil—as I should. The devil's in me, sir, and that's all about it. If ever I'm to drive him out again, 'twon't be by hoeing taters nor yet by carryin' vegetables to Plymouth market."

Well, the rector got his apology out of this graceless parishioner after all. Harry admitted that he had behaved abominably, but thought it quite likely that he might behave worse if he were constrained to remain at Motcombe Regis against his will; and indeed Mr. Staddon was inclined to think so too. Whether the poor lad had really been jilted by Miss Isabella Harvey, or whether he had allowed himself to entertain unwarranted hopes, it was not easy to determine; but what was very evident was that he had in him a great store of energy for good or for evil, and that that store imperatively demanded an outlet. That any adequate outlet could be afforded by the pursuit of market-gardening seemed most improbable; and so, after a discussion somewhat too lengthy to be reported here, the rector was fain to range himself upon the young man's side. Other discussions far more lengthy and far more stormy followed as a matter of course, but the end of it was that Mrs. Lear's opposition was overcome, and that she acquiesced tearfully and reproachfully in a decision the entire responsibility for which she cast upon the rector's shoulders.

The rector, for his part, did not underestimate the responsibility, and was far from happy in accepting it. Certainly there is no shame in serving the queen, but only a very small part of a soldier's life is usually spent in fighting the queen's enemies, and Mr. Staddon dwelt in the

neighborhood of a garrison town. He was a bachelor; his parishioners, and especially his grown-up choir-boys, were like his own children; it was impossible for him to look forward without some trepidation to the kind of life which lay before Harry Lear. Yet what help was there for it? Children must needs grow into men, and if a man means to go to the bad, to the bad he will go, whether it be in barracks or in a country hamlet. This, perhaps, was also the opinion of old Lear, who had very little to say upon the subject. He looked sad, and doubtless felt so; but, being no fool, he submitted to the inevitable, as we all must, and did not care to relieve his feelings by making a fuss about it.

Thus it came to pass that, one fine morning, Harry Lear trudged down the village street with a bundle over his shoulder, and whom should he meet on his way (possibly this encounter was neither unforeseen nor undesigned by him) but the village schoolmistress, tripping along towards her daily avocations at her customary hour? A very pretty and trim little brunette this village schoolmistress was, dressed a trifle above her station, as some people might have thought, though in truth her costume was quiet and modest enough, so far as material went. If it fitted her remarkably well, and was cut in accordance with the latest fashion, that was, no doubt, due to the circumstance that she had resided for six months under the roof of her aunt, who was a dress-maker in a good way of business at Plymouth, and that she should have profited by the family talent was only creditable to her.

But it was scarcely so creditable to her that, on catching sight of an old friend, she first stuck her chin in the air, pretending not to see him, and then skipped nimbly on one side and tried to hurry past, as though she had been in fear of being insulted by him.

Harry took a long stride and placed himself in front of her, so as to bar her passage; yet notwithstanding this somewhat aggressive movement, nothing could have been more humble or more piteous than the voice in which he said, "Won't you wish me good-bye, Bella?"

"Are you going away, then, Mr. Lear?" inquired Miss Bella with an air of surprise.

"Yes, Bella, I am going to Plymouth to enlist; and you know why. You might wish me God-speed; 'twould be something for me to remember."

"Going to enlist as a common soldier!" exclaimed Bella, to whom we may be sure that this was no news, and who chose to ignore the latter half of Harry's sentence. "Well, that does seem a pity! Though I dare say you know best; and certainly discipline is good for some people. A private soldier would get into trouble if he took it into his head to bawl and swear in church, I suppose."

"I've asked the rector's pardon," returned Harry rather shortly. "Maybe I had my reasons for what I did; but that's neither here nor there. Motcombe has got rid of me now, and so have you. It wouldn't cost you a great deal to give me a kind word before we part, Bella."

"I'm sure I wish you every success and—and amusement in your new calling, Mr. Lear. Perhaps you won't mind my saying that I should prefer your addressing me as Miss Harvey. It's more usual."

"After having called you Bella all my life?"

"I am not a child any longer, Mr. Lear, nor are you, though I must say that you sometimes behave very like one. But I shall be late for school if I stand here talking. Good-bye, Mr. Lear."

"Good-bye—Miss Harvey," returned Harry sadly; and so they parted without so much as shaking hands.

But before she had taken half-a-dozen steps Bella was apparently struck by an afterthought, for she stopped short, faced about and returned towards her disconsolate lover with a smile upon her lips. She had stuck a posy of forget-me-nots in the front of her dress, one of which flowers she now detached and held out to him. "I have heard that soldiers sometimes need to be reminded of those whom they have left behind them," she remarked demurely.

Then she turned once more and was out of sight before Harry had half recovered from the amazement into which he had been thrown by so unexpected a gift. It will be perceived that this innocent and rustic maiden knew how to flirt as well as any lady in Belgravia or Mayfair. The art of flirtation is, indeed, a very simple art, and one of which the rudiments may be readily acquired.

The regiment in which Harry Lear enlisted had, like nine-tenths of the corps which compose the British army, recently received a designation under which its best friends might have failed to recognize it. It was now known as the Princess Charlotte of Wales's Royal Berkshire, and

he had probably selected it in preference to any other regiment then quartered at Plymouth because it was under orders to leave that place immediately for Aldershot. During the next few months he did not write very frequently to his parents, but his letters, when they came, were always of a satisfactory nature. Perhaps, as Bella Harvey had observed, discipline is good for some people; perhaps the education which Harry had received stood him in good stead, or perhaps he had a natural aptitude for soldiering. However that may be, his promotion was unusually rapid, and the rector, hearing at intervals of his advancement to the successive grades of lance-corporal, corporal, and sergeant, was rejoiced and comforted. Autumn, winter, and spring had passed away, and summer had come round again when the news reached Motcombe Regis that old Mr. Lear's son had attained to the latter honorable rank; and if the whole truth must be told, old Mr. Lear—ordinarily a most temperate man—drank rather more cider than was good for him upon the strength of it, thereby earning for himself the conjugal rating which he doubtless deserved.

As for honest Mr. Staddon, he rubbed his hands and said to himself, with pardonable complacency, "I think, if I were to preach my last year's sermon over again in Harry's hearing, he wouldn't call me a liar now." In truth he quite hoped that that unlucky attachment of Harry's was by this time a thing of the past, and that its consequences would prove by no means so disastrous as they had once appeared likely to be.

Whether Miss Bella Harvey altogether concurred in that hope is another question. A sergeant is not exactly the same thing as a private soldier; but, setting that consideration aside, it is probable that she, like the rest of her sex, was not particularly anxious that any rejected suitor of hers should get over his disappointment too soon. However, her thoughts were just now a good deal occupied with a rival of Harry's, who might be considered a very formidable rival as regarded social position, though scarcely so in respect of personal appearance.

The Reverend Ernest Whitestole, Mr. Staddon's curate, had straw-colored hair, protuberant eyes of an indeterminate hue, and a chin which ran away from his nose. Physical beauty, therefore, was not his strong point; but he had other points about him which were very strong indeed; his gentility, for instance, which was be-

yond dispute; also his irreproachable character; also his deep and reverent admiration for Miss Bella. And he lodged in the house of Miss Bella's aunt, with whom that orphan had found a home; so that occasional opportunities of entering into conversation with the object of his affections were afforded to him elsewhere than at the schoolhouse. He did not, it is true, avail himself of these opportunities to the full extent that he might have done, his remarks, when they did not bear upon strictly parochial affairs, referring for the most part to atmospheric conditions; still, if a man's meaning be but clear, it is a matter of secondary importance that he should express it clearly, or indeed that he should express it at all. Now Mr. Whitestole's meaning was perfectly clear both to Bella and to her aunt.

Miss Harvey the elder, though a less successful woman than her sister the Plymouth dressmaker, was nevertheless one who enjoyed a high measure of local esteem, having for many years satisfactorily met the small local demand for linen drapery, besides having faithfully served the State in the capacity of postmistress of Motcombe Regis. She was, therefore, not disinclined towards ambitious matrimonial views on behalf of her niece, and it is very likely that she would have felt quite justified in encouraging the amorous Whitestole but for the quasi-maternal obligations which her position with regard to that young man seemed to impose upon her. For the privilege of lodging the curate was hers by prescriptive right. She had always lodged Mr. Staddon's curates, and had always considered herself as in a measure responsible for their conduct, as well as for the darning of their socks. Thus, when she saw how things were going, it became a question of conscience with her whether she ought not to "speak to the rector," and she was only dissuaded from taking that officious course by the representations of Bella, who pointed out to her that to do this would be to assume what as yet Mr. Whitestole had given nobody the right to assume.

"Of course you can do whatever you think proper, Aunt Susan," she said submissively; "but you will make me look very foolish if it turns out that you have made a mistake, and—I am afraid you will lose your lodger."

Acknowledging the cogency of these arguments, Miss Harvey consented to hold her peace, and, for the time being, took up an attitude of observant neutrality.

All doubt as to the curate's intentions

was, however, put an end to, so far as Bella was concerned, one Sunday evening, when he overtook her while she was walking slowly homewards across the fields from church. Her apparent astonishment and her asseverations that she had never dreamt of such a thing as his asking her to be his wife may not have been wholly sincere; but, after all, it is permitted to women to be a little bit insincere under such circumstances, and great allowance should doubtless be made for those who are not quite certain about their own wishes. Bella allowed it to be understood that this was her predicament. "What would your family think of it, Mr. Whitestole?" she asked.

Mr. Whitestole, being a truthful man, was constrained to reply that, to the best of his belief, his family wouldn't like it at all. "But that," he added, "is only because they have not seen you and do not know what you are. I feel sure that when I have described you to my mother she will yield; and as for my father, I must tell him respectfully but firmly that my mind is made up. To incur his displeasure would naturally be painful to me, but to resign you, Bella, would be more painful still."

"But then—wouldn't he perhaps cut you off with a shilling?" the practical Bella suggested diffidently.

Mr. Whitestole admitted that that was possible, but did not seem to have reflected that the support of a wife and family upon his present stipend was altogether impossible.

It may be conjectured that this reflection was made for him. At any rate he got no promise—not even a conditional one—from the fair schoolmistress, who only declared that nothing would induce her to marry him without his father's consent. That, she was sure, would be wrong; she was not sure about anything else, except that the subject must be dropped for the present, and that not a word must be said about it to anybody in Motcombe Regis. With these terms Mr. Whitestole was fain to content himself. Later in the summer he would be going home for a three weeks' holiday, and then he would speak to his people; until that time he would endeavor, he said, to possess his soul in patience.

Possibly Mr. Whitestole was a foolish fellow. One cannot speak positively upon the point, because different people have different ideas as to what constitutes folly; but, at all events, he was a loyal and honest

man. From that day forth he spoke no more to Bella Harvey of love, but she perfectly understood that this was not because his love for her had diminished, and it may be hoped that she appreciated his delicacy. She bade him farewell with a charming mixture of shyness and regret when he departed on his well-earned leave of absence in the month of August, timidly expressing a hope that he would enjoy himself. To this he replied that an occasional holiday was good for everybody, but that he did not think he should be very sorry to return to his work.

That an occasional holiday is good for everybody is a sentiment with which Sergeant Lear would have fully agreed; and that Sergeant Lear and the Reverend Mr. Whitestole should have been granted a respite from the performance of their respective duties at one and the same time was a coincidence which Miss Bella Harvey might well consider providential. Motcombe Regis did not think highly of "sodgers" in the abstract, and Harry Lear's determination to enlist had been generally looked upon as a sad example of voluntary self-abasement; but when this dazzling young non-commissioned officer returned home on furlough to visit his parents, Motcombe Regis felt proud of him, and told him so. Even his mother had to confess that he was "smartened up wonderful." She regretted, indeed, his beautiful curly hair, which was now cropped so close to his head that it scarcely curled at all; but there was no denying that his carefully trimmed moustache and smooth-shaven cheeks gave him an air of vast superiority over the rustics amongst whom he had been brought up, nor could she help admiring his erect figure, and his firm, springy gait.

And it is hardly necessary to add that, if she admired him, the younger women of the village admired him still more. The story of his blighted affection was no secret to them, and more than one of those comely damsels would have been easily persuaded to undertake the task of consoling him. However, he had no eyes for them, nor many words either. His manner had acquired a certain peremptory abruptness which in no wise accorded with the leisurely, west-country method of carrying on conversation, and which was not of a nature to encourage advances. Even the rector was a little overawed by him, respectful though he was, and anxious to express his sincere regret for the breach of decorum which had led to his abandon-

ment of Motcombe Regis and market-gardening.

"I hardly know you, Harry," the worthy man said; "I shouldn't have thought that any amount of drilling could have so changed a lad. But I suppose you must have been born to be a soldier."

"I suppose so, sir," answered Harry briefly.

But all this military shortness and abruptness disappeared entirely when the sergeant was permitted to hold parley with his old flame, Miss Bella Harvey. It was a long time before he obtained that permission, because it was her pleasure to keep him at a distance, to be occupied (although it was holiday time) whenever he came to her aunt's house, and to be provided with a companion of her own sex as often as he met her in the village. Within a day or two of the expiration of his furlough, however, he had the good fortune to encounter her upon the moor, a full two miles from home—or, to speak more correctly, he had the good fortune to be allowed to join her; for, as a matter of fact, he had tracked her the whole way from her house, and whether she had been aware that he was following her or not, who can tell? In any case she did not refuse to converse with him, and his conversation at the outset was of a humble, deferential, and extremely uninteresting description. It was not until he had been sitting beside her on the sun-warmed heather, and enunciating solemn commonplaces for a full quarter of an hour, that he suddenly took his courage in both hands and said,—

"Bella—I beg your pardon, Miss Harvey—I want to tell you before I go away that there's been no change in me this last year. I love you just the same as I always have, and I always shall. Look here!"—he drew a sheet of paper from his breast-pocket, which on being unfolded disclosed a brown and dried flower which had once been a forget-me-not—"I've kept this with me and looked at it morning and evening ever since I joined; and if I've got on well and got on quickly, that's what I have to thank for it. I've kissed it I don't know how many thousand times, because 'twas your hand that gave it me, Bella—Miss Harvey, I mean."

"That was very silly of you, Harry—Sergeant Lear, I mean," observed Bella, casting down her eyes and smiling.

"Was it? Well, I don't know; I doubt I should never have been a non-commissioned officer without it. And sometimes—but perhaps you'd think that silly too

—I've said to myself that non-commissioned officers have got their commissions before now, and will again. I know well enough that a sergeant, even a color sergeant, is beneath you; but a sub-lieutenant is a gentleman, whatever his birth may have been."

"Indeed! And what do you have to do before you can rise to be a sub-lieutenant?"

"Ah, there 'tis! The only chance is active service; but t'other battalion is in Egypt, and I might be sent out to join 'em any day, and then, perhaps, if I was lucky—but maybe it'd make no difference with you if I was."

Bella was not quite prepared to say that. From time immemorial ladies have been pleased by doughty deeds, and the brave have deserved the fair. During the prolonged colloquy which ensued she gave him no excuse for assuming that victory was within his grasp; but, on the other hand, she was good enough to say that she considered his past misconduct atoned for by his recent steadiness, and in the course of their homeward walk she led him on to expatiate upon the glorious possibilities which await every fighting man. The conclusion which he drew from her extremely guarded utterances, after he had said good-night to her, was that, if only he could manage to distinguish himself in the field, there would at least be hope for him, but that in justice to herself she could never consent to follow the drum as a mere sergeant's wife.

Of these hopes he said nothing to his mother, though she questioned him as closely as she dared; but with his father he was a little more communicative.

"Wants to be a lady, do she?" was the comment of that man of few words. "Might be shorter cuts to that than through wars and glory."

"I don't know of any," said Harry.

"Not for you to get to be a gentleman, my boy, but for she—well, there's curates. One of 'em lodgin' at her aunt's at this present time."

"I'm not much afraid of *him*," Harry declared after a short pause.

"Ah!" said old Mr. Lear, and returned to the horticultural operations which this dialogue had interrupted.

Afraid or not afraid, Harry had to go back to his regiment, and this time he took no forget-me-not with him as a parting gift. Possibly Miss Harvey thought that such an aid to memory was no longer requisite.

If he had looked out of the railway-car

riage window at Exeter he might have recognized amongst the passengers in the down train, which he met there, the pensive countenance of his rival. Mr. Whitestole, who habitually looked pensive, had better reasons than usual for looking so now. It is enough to make any dutiful son look pensive when his mother tells him that she is determined to oppose the dearest wish of his heart tooth and nail, and this was the unwelcome piece of news which the poor man had to convey to Motcombe Regis. Being too honest to conceal the truth, he made it known to Bella immediately after his arrival.

"It has been a terrible disappointment to me," he confessed. "Of my father's approval I did not feel very sanguine, but I did think that my mother would have taken my part. However, I have failed to — to enlist her sympathies. Why, I hardly know, for my dear mother is anything but a worldly woman."

"It is very natural that she should object to your marrying beneath you, Mr. Whitestole," said Bella quietly. "Of course you must think no more about it."

But the curate was a resolute man as well as a dutiful son. He declared emphatically that his love was unalterable, and that as long as Bella did not love any one else he should cling to the hope of some day calling her his own. Only he admitted that, since he had at present no home to offer her, he could not ask her to consent to a formal engagement.

The privilege of considering himself informally engaged was not denied to him, nor was he informed that there was a young sergeant of infantry who had the audacity to cherish aspirations resembling his own. Nothing is so cruel as to deprive a fellow-creature of the consolation of hope, and Bella's was not a cruel nature. Besides, she really would not have felt justified in saying that neither of her suitors had grounds for hope. Mr. Whitestole was a very good man, who might some day be a bishop; on the other hand, Harry Lear was a handsome, soldierly young fellow, who might some day (though that was not quite so likely) be the colonel of a regiment. Therefore it seemed to her best to say very little, to perform her daily duties with modesty and diligence, and to trust in an overruling Providence for the ultimate solution of all doubts and difficulties.

But that attitude, unexceptionable though it may be, is generally found an impossible one to maintain for any length

of time. Bella Harvey maintained it for nearly six months, which, as every one must allow, was a creditable performance. During those six months letters of an impassioned character reached her from Aldershot, and to these she never failed to send a discreet word or two of reply, because one should always acknowledge correspondence. But it came to pass that Mr. Whitestole got wind of the said correspondence, and asked questions concerning it, which made it necessary to explain to him that he was not the sole aspirant for the schoolmistress's hand. In her candid, innocent way, Bella told him that she admired brave men and brave actions, that she had a sincere affection for the playmate of her childhood, and that she was touched by his constancy, although she had been unable to promise him what he had asked for.

"I can't bear to — to disappoint those who care for me, Mr. Whitestole," said she with a slight tremor in her voice. "But perhaps I am wrong; perhaps a girl ought always to say either yes or no and have done with it."

Perhaps so; but as Mr. Whitestole did not want Bella to say no to him and have done with him, he was open to admit that hesitation might, under certain circumstances, be permissible. The effect of her remarks, however, was to convince him that hesitation on his own part must last no longer; and so, shortly after Christmas, he obtained leave from the rector to go home for the inside of a week, in order, as he explained, that he might discuss certain urgent private affairs with his family.

What those urgent affairs might be the guileless Mr. Staddon had no idea until after his curate's return, when he was enlightened by a half-piteous, half-indignant epistle from Mrs. Whitestole, who wrote to tell him of the "dreadful entanglement" in which her dear Ernest had become involved, and who seemed to think that it was his business to disentangle her dear Ernest forthwith. The rector did what he could. Personally he was inclined to agree with Mrs. Whitestole, holding that it is undesirable, in the abstract, that a gentleman should marry a village schoolmistress; but the application of abstract principles to particular instances is always apt to be troublesome, and he did not get the best of it in the friendly discussion to which he invited his curate. The latter pointed out, reasonably enough, that if he had not yielded to

his mother's entreaties and his father's threats, he was scarcely likely to do so in deference to arguments which he must venture to call irrelevant. Was Miss Harvey vulgar? Was she uneducated? Was she in any respect unfitted to associate with ladies? Very well, then; the question simply resolved itself into one of her present position. And from that position he proposed to remove her.

"Yes, yes," answered the rector; "that is all very fine. But how are you going to do it, my dear fellow? How are you going to marry unless your father provides you with the means?"

Mr. Whitestole replied that he hoped in due season to obtain preferment which would render him independent of his father.

"Oh, well," returned the rector, somewhat relieved, "if you are content to wait until that day comes——"

Rectors are very generally surprised when their curates obtain preferment, and mothers are always surprised if their sons do not, so that Mrs. Whitestole found Mr. Staddon's reply to her letter much less reassuring than the writer had intended it to be. She therefore appealed through the post to the better feelings of "the young person" herself, and the young person returned an evasive answer; and then Archdeacon Whitestole wrote in terms which were scarcely clerical or becoming to his reverend brother at Motcombe Regis. Thus matters were working up towards an uncomfortable crisis in that hamlet, when news came to old Mr. Lear that his son had been ordered off to Suakim with drafts to join the other battalion of his regiment which had already been despatched thither.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. The expedition which was sent to Suakim in the early part of the year 1885 to chastise Osman Digma can hardly be said to have conferred glory or profit upon the nation (which, nevertheless, was understood at the time to demand it); but it gave his opportunity to Sergeant Lear. He wrote in high spirits to his sweetheart, from whom, just before he sailed, he received a missive which gladdened his heart. "I know you will do your duty, dear Harry," Miss Bella wrote with unaccustomed warmth; "and you may be sure that we shall be thinking of you and praying for you at home while you are fighting your country's battles."

Of course he could not begin fighting his country's battles for some weeks; and

that, no doubt, was why she did not think a great deal about him during the interval. She had, instead, to think about Mr. Whitestole, whose suit was no longer a secret to her friends and neighbors, and to whom she was commonly understood to be engaged, notwithstanding her assurances that such was not the case. The rector's thoughts and attention were also much taken up in the same quarter. After all, a man is more or less answerable for his curate, and Mr. Staddon, having been a good deal ruffled by the archdeacon's letter, was beginning to take his curate's part. There is something, surely, to be said on behalf of an honest and steadfast attachment; and the end of it was that Mr. Staddon undertook a flying visit to the other side of England for the purpose of saying this. He met with no success, nor did he get any thanks for his pains; all that he gained by his journey being an intimation that he would do well to look out for a new curate, since it was Archdeacon Whitestole's intention to remove his son at once from the perilous neighborhood of Motcombe.

Mr. Staddon returned home by the night mail. Not being overburdened with pocket-money, he did not see his way to increasing the cost of a fruitless expedition by the amount of a London hotel bill, so that he reached Plymouth early in the morning and dozed in the waiting-room until such time as he could obtain a frugal breakfast. Thence he travelled by the branch line which brought him to a station within three miles of Motcombe Regis, and set out to perform the remainder of his journey on foot. It was a mild spring morning, the wind blowing gently from the westward; the hedges in sheltered places were already sprinkled with green and the horse-chestnut buds were prepared to burst upon a little further encouragement. The rector, who had started in a rather bad humor (for it is annoying to have spent the best part of ten pounds and to have received nothing but a nasty snub in return, not to speak of the worry of having to provide oneself with a new and unknown curate), grew more cheerful under the influence of fresh air and exercise, and was quite inclined for a little neighborly conversation when, on nearing home, he caught sight of old Mr. Lear's battered hat.

"Nice growing weather, Mr. Lear," he called out.

The old man was not working, as usual; he was leaning over his gate and held a

newspaper in his hand. "You seen the *Western Mornin' News*, sir?" he asked in a rather hoarse voice.

"No, indeed, I haven't," answered the rector; "I quite forgot to buy it. Has anything particular happened since yesterday?"

"Old Lear raised his faded blue eyes, his lips moved, but no articulate sound issued from them. Then all of a sudden he broke out in a loud voice: 'My boy, he've been killed fightin' they lousy Arabs.'"

The rector's heart gave a great bound, and a hand seemed to be clutching at his throat. "Oh, my poor Harry!" he ejaculated.

Poor Harry! — poor rosy-cheeked, curly-headed Harry, who used to be the best treble in the village choir until his voice broke, and who had won many a cricket-match for Motcombe Regis by his swift bowling. Such a good boy! — such a plucky boy! High-couraged and a little impatient of control at times, as the best specimens of men and beasts always are, but a boy whose heart was in the right place, and who had never said or done a shabby thing. Ah well! it is appointed to all men once to die, dearly beloved brethren, and this mortal life is but the prelude to an infinitely higher and happier state of existence; and why should we mourn for those who are not lost, but gone before? Something of this kind the rector had said scores of times from the pulpit, honestly meaning and believing every word of it, but he could not manage to say it now. The fluent commonplaces died away upon his lips in the presence of a dumb sorrow for which no earthly consolation could be found. When he went into the house, where Mrs. Lear, with her apron tossed over her head, was rocking herself to and fro and moaning, he himself was dumb. He thought he ought to speak to her of the will of God and the comfort of faith, but he could not bring himself to perform this cruel duty — if, indeed, it was his duty — and all that he could say was, "Oh dear! oh dear! what a sad misfortune!"

Mrs. Lear took no notice of him; and presently her husband led him out into the sunshine again, saying, with a sort of subdued pride, "I should like just to read that their newspaper story to you, sir, if I might make so bold."

The rector seated himself upon the window-sill, while Mr. Lear slowly and laboriously spelt out the account of the engagement which has since become known as the battle of Tofrek — how Sir

John McNeill's force had been surprised by the enemy whilst constructing a zareba; how it had only been saved from annihilation by the gallantry and steadiness of the Berkshire Regiment; how the men of the Naval Brigade had fought like heroes; and how the attack had at last been repulsed, though not without terrible loss of life on both sides. All this Mr. Lear narrated without a break in his voice, but over the last paragraph he began to falter a little.

"'Arter the fightin' was nearly over, a desultory fire — was kep' up from the shelter of the mi — mimosa scrub, which proved singularly effective and might have largely swelled our list of casualties, but for the desperate valor — desp'rate valor — Color-sergeant Lear —'"

Here the old man stopped abruptly, thrust the paper into Mr. Staddon's hands, turned his back and walked away.

The rector read on, not without difficulty (for he had not his spectacles with him, and somehow or other he could not keep his eyes clear, though he kept rubbing them) — "But for the desperate valor of Color-sergeant Lear, of the Berkshire Regiment, who determined to dislodge the marksmen, and, leaping over the zareba, made for their place of concealment. This brave fellow accomplished his object, killing four of the enemy before he himself, pierced through and through by their spears, met a soldier's death."

A soldier's death! Well, there is no better way of dying, and if the fate of a sergeant is soon forgotten, that of a field-marshal is not remembered for a great many years. Perhaps it does not matter very much whether one is a field-marshal or a sergeant, remembered or forgotten. But what is to be said to two old people who have been deprived of their only child, and whose remaining years of labor must necessarily be dull, lonely, and objectless? The poor rector could think of nothing adequate to say, so presently he went away, blaming himself for his inefficiency. Had he known all, he might possibly have found some relief in blaming Bella Harvey; but he did not know all, and this solace was reserved for Mrs. Lear, who subsequently availed herself of it.

As for Bella, she wept bitterly when the news was brought to her. That poor Harry's life had been forfeited for her sake she had no doubt. He had risked it, she felt sure, in the hope of obtaining a commission as his reward, and it was dreadfully sad to think that he was now

beyond the reach of any reward that the queen or a schoolmistress could bestow upon him. Yet, as Mr. Staddon had most truly asserted in a sermon which will always be remembered in Motcombe Regis by reason of the prompt and emphatic contradiction which it elicited at the time, the objects upon which we set our affection are not always of a nature to promote our happiness, and it may be that if Harry Lear were living now, and were married to the girl of his choice, he would be a soured and disenchanted man.

Happily no such calamity has befallen the Reverend Ernest Whitestole, who, shortly after he received the paternal command to resign his curacy, had the good luck to obtain a college living, and who at once took advantage of his independence to set the paternal wishes at defiance by leading his landlady's niece to the altar. He has been forgiven: when one's sons do things that can't be undone, there is practically nothing for it but to forgive them and make the best of it. Besides, his wife is really such a nice, modest, ladylike person, that no one would ever suspect her of having an aunt who is a Plymouth dressmaker and another who keeps a small village shop. She does not obtrude these aunts upon the public notice; she does not invite them to stay with her, being persuaded that, on her husband's account, it would be wrong to do so. However, she employs one of them to make her frocks, which shows that she is alive to the claims of relationship, notwithstanding her translation into a higher social sphere.

Mr. Lear died not long ago. He never changed his habits, nor ceased to work hard, nor cared to speak much about his loss; but there is some reason for believing that he died of a broken heart, which is often a lingering disease. At his expense a small marble tablet has been erected in Motcombe Regis Church to the memory of Color-sergeant Lear, whose prowess is set forth thereon in the words of the newspaper telegram, which the old man carried about with him in his breast-pocket to the day of his death. That hero, like many another hero, has remained unknown to fame. Of "desperate valor" there is not likely to be any lack so long as England remains a nation; nor, let us hope, will English soldiers ever forget themselves so far as to doubt whether their valor and their lives are well expended in procuring a Parliamentary majority for Mr. This or Mr. That.

W. E. NORRIS.

From The Contemporary Review.

IMPRESSIONS OF PETERSBURG.

THE first impression which the stranger derives from Petersburg, as he is driven from the railway station to his hotel, is that of the roughness of the streets. There are many varieties of pavement in London, from primitive macadam to the noiseless asphalt; but there is nothing to approach the horror of the Petersburg pavement, which is composed entirely of small round boulder stones, more or less irregularly embedded into the surface of the street. Rattle, rattle, with the noise of a coffee-mill—bump, bump, bump, as if driving over corduroy road—you remember Coleridge's imprecation on Cologne's pavement "fanged with murderous stones," and marvel, as your head aches with the noise and the shaking, how it is the vehicles do not "batter themselves to flinders." In Belfast the sidewalks are paved with smaller samples of these petrified kidneys, which, prized up with the poker, form a convenient store of missiles for the Orangemen when the riot season sets in, and the Catholic procession is sighted in the distance. But not even in Belfast do they doom horses to scramble over such a roadway.

In Petersburg—and in Moscow it is the same, only worse—this boulder-stone pavement is almost universal. It is the only material that stands the frost and is not ruinously dear. There is wood pavement, that is renewed every year, in the Nevski Prospect, and here and there are patches of the same material, with a few yards of asphalt, and in one place, on the Quai, even iron plates, but the normal roadway is a mosaic of stones, which, owing to the lack of any solid foundation in the subsoil, are continually sinking into hollows, with the results in contingent jolts more lively than agreeable. When Peter founded the city, there were so few stones to be had that no ship was allowed to unload in the port, no cart to enter the city, which did not bring a certain number of stones to be used in paving the streets. There is no need for such a law to-day. All Petersburg is paved with stones; that is the first salient feature that is bumped, and jolted, and driven into the new arrival. Moral: Never drive in a closed vehicle in Petersburg unless it has indiarubber tires, avoid hotel 'buses like the plague, and, if you want to escape jolting, use the trams.

You do not feel the bumping so much on the droschkies, which are as distinctive a feature of the streets of Petersburg

as the hansom cab in London or the gondola in Venice. All the main streets are alive with droschkies. Their horses are, as a rule, small; but they go fairly well, and they are surprisingly cheap. You seldom pay more than 3*d.* or 4*d.* for a ride under a mile. Fares are always settled by bargain. Absolute free trade prevails in this despotic land. There is no tariff. Fares are fixed by the higgling of the market, so beloved by the political economist, and a lively higgling it is, especially when you do not know a word of Russian, and the *isvostchik* is equally innocent of any language but his own. I never found any difficulty. You make a signal, and down swoop upon you all the *isvostchiks* within sight, each eager for your custom. Holding up the coin of the realm which you are willing to give for the ride, you mention your destination. A chorus of protests bursts out, which presumably throw scorn upon your offer, but to you it is as the chattering of crows. You then walk off, followed by one or more *isvostchiks*, to whom you renew your offer. Seeing you are obdurate, one of them will cry *pojalooyté*, you jump in, and the bargain is complete. The driver sits on a perch in front of you; you sit behind, on a seat which will hold two. As there is no rest for the back, the lady is supported by the arm of her fellow-traveller, a custom which has a very pretty effect, and is apparently very popular. The droschky is low, the front wheels very small, and the traces are fixed to their axles. The splash-board is broad. There is no hood or covering of any kind except a leathern apron. The high wooden duga which takes the place of the collar is often elaborately painted. To this the shafts are fixed. The rest of the harness is light. The horses are all driven from the cheek with the ordinary bit, by reins which the driver holds in both hands. Many a hair's-breadth escape from a collision have I seen, as rival *isvostchiks* swept round corners and shot across the main stream of traffic, but during the six weeks I was in Petersburg I never saw an accident, and only once saw a horse down. What strikes an Englishman most is the almost complete absence of whips. The *isvostchik* sometimes has a little whip, with a handle only a foot long, upon which he sits, and which he produces on occasion; but the ordinary persuader of sluggish horses is a small lash tied on to the end of the reins, with which the driver scourges the rear of his steed. But alike in the carriages of the rich and in the

humble droschky, there is a signal absence of the whip, without which no English *Jehu* would venture into the streets of London. In Petersburg, if by chance you saw a pair of horses tormented by bearing-reins, driven with a savage bit, and goaded with a carriage-whip, you might be sure they belonged to an Englishman, or to some one who aspired to do things English fashion. The *isvostchik* is dressed in a long blue gown, not unlike the color and shape of the familiar bathing-gown, save that it is fastened round the waist by a girdle, often of curious colored pattern. His blue gown and high black hat are among the most familiar objects in the streets of Petersburg. He lives on his droschky. Nature, which has provided feathered fowl with convenient sinews, so that the sounder they sleep the tighter their claws grip their perch, seems to have been equally bountiful to the *isvostchik*. He sleeps on his seat as securely as a hen on her perch, and even if the horse moves he never falls off. How he does it is a mystery, which a comparative anatomist would have to dissect an *isvostchik* in order to clear up.

You have not been many minutes in Russia before you discover that the ordinary European notion that nearly every one—at least in Petersburg—speaks some other language than Russian is a gross delusion. In society Russians are polyglot, no doubt. At a dinner-table it revives pleasant reminiscences of the tower of Babel to hear Russian, French, German, and English all going at the same time. But, outside of society, in the streets, Russian is the only language. Of all the *isvostchiks* of Petersburg they say there is one who can speak French. He is a kind of white blackbird, and when he dies there will be a paragraph in the papers. I never met one who understood German. As for English, it is an unknown tongue. The all-sufficingness of Russian is rather a damper to the Western. After all that we have been told about Petersburg not being Russian, but cosmopolitan, it is somewhat disappointing to discover that there are not more shops, even in the Nevski Prospect, where it is thought worth while to employ anything but the Cyrillic characters on the signboards than there are shopkeepers in Regent Street who speak French or German. In Holland and in Belgium the names of the railway stations are given in three or four different languages. In Berlin and in Paris there is more consideration shown for the foreigners than in Petersburg. The Rus-

sian thinks that in Russia Russian suffices as a means of communication. Fortunately in his shop fronts he mercifully interprets his Cyrillic characters by that original volapuk of the world's infancy, the picture. The use of signs, once universal in England in an age when few save the priests could read or write, is now confined with us almost exclusively to the public house. In Russia, the number of literates being still small in proportion to the population, the tradesman has recourse, not to signs, but to the simple and obvious expedient of painting upon the outside walls of his establishment more or less vivid pictures of all the articles which he has on sale. The butcher's front is covered with frescoes of legs of mutton and sirloins of beef. The green grocer glows resplendent behind a wall full of painted cabbages, carrots, and turnips. Tempting pictures of the warmest of fur overcoats proclaim the dealer in winter wraps. Some of these mural advertisements are wretched daubs, as bad as our signboards. But others are very fairly executed, and, considering the difficulty of the subject and the stucco on which the artist has to work, the result is not unsatisfactory. The effect of the whole is to give much more variety and color to the streets of Petersburg than we can boast in Western capitals. Whether this universal patronage of *al fresco* art will tend to develop a native school of Russian painters may be doubted; but in two other directions Russian custom creates a demand for pictures to which in England we have nothing analogous. These are the painting of icons, the holy pictures of the dead, and the painting of portraits of the emperor, the sovereign and lord of the living. Like children, the Russians need their picture symbol at every turn. The portrait of the emperor is displayed in every public office, even in gaols and police stations, as the outward and visible sign of the invisible but omnipresent autocracy. In all the ministries, in addition to the figure of the emperor, the minister sits surrounded by portraits of all his predecessors. M. de Giers's spacious office is a picture-gallery of the foreign ministers of Russia, and in the ante-chamber of M. Wischnegradsky are a score of chancellors of the exchequer, some of whom seem to have been among the ugliest of the human race. In the police stations, besides the portrait of the emperor, there is that of the prefect of police. Imagine Sir Charles Warren's portrait in all the police stations in London! It is to be feared that such a cus-

tom with us would tend to throw all the artists into the ranks of the opposition.

It is not only in the gaily painted shop-fronts that Petersburg displays more color in its streets than London. I arrived on Easter eve. Next day the whole city was ablaze with bunting in all its leading thoroughfares. The national colors, white, blue, and red, were displayed over every shop. Flags were hoisted everywhere. All down the Nevski you can see the sockets for the flag-poles. The balconies were draped in scarlet. Ingenious imitations of ermine edging to scarlet decorations met you at every turn. Venetian masts swathed in red and white carried the line of color down the street. Even the tram-cars bore flags. This profuse display of decoration was not peculiar to Easter week. Every fête-day was marked by the recrudescence of flags and drapery. The emperor's name-day, the anniversary of a great victory, Ascension day, almost any notable anniversary, was sufficient to bring out the flags. I certainly saw more display of bunting in Petersburg in six weeks than I have seen in London in six years — of course, excepting the year of Jubilee. The decoration of tram-cars struck me as quite a brilliant idea. It was more effective, however, in Petersburg than it would be here, owing to the odd custom which prevails in the Nevski Prospect of starting three trams, each with its couple of horses, as a kind of train, with only a few yards interval between them. The effect of the gaily bannered cars gliding down the long avenue of masts and flags was very pretty.

Petersburg is the capital of a great military empire, but nowhere have I seen less of the pride, pomp, and circumstance that are supposed to be inseparable from States that are organized for war. There were plenty of soldiers strolling about, but their uniform was nothing like so conspicuous as the scarlet of our linesmen, and they had nothing of the swagger of the Germans. There were no Russian counterparts to the gorgeous creatures who keep eternal watch over the spot where Charles Stuart's head fell beneath the headsman's stroke. The Russian soldier, so far as could be seen in the capital, seemed meant for work and not for show. The sentries on guard at the palaces, with their long great-coats, hardly looked as formidable as our policemen. When you drive down the Nevski with a general, there is a great deal of saluting, which keeps your general's hand in a state of perpetual motion, but that is the most conspicuous evidence

of militarism that strikes the eye. The officers, with their flat caps, their long grey overcoats, and their eternal spurs — imagine the nuisance of having to wear spurs from morning to night when going the rounds of the prison of which you are governor — were plentiful as blackberries, but whether they are civilian or military generals the uninstructed stranger cannot say. Certainly some civilian officials wear a much more imposing uniform than full-blown lieutenant-generals. There is a sobriety and business-like quiet about the Russian army that is very welcome after the sabre-clashing which affronts you at every town in Germany. The liveries of Russian servants are also less gorgeous and varied than ours. Ambassadors, it is true, have a somewhat imposing turnout, but the eccentricities of liveries, so familiar in the London season, are unknown at Petersburg. The only exception is the bright scarlet livery of the imperial household. On high days and holidays the liveried servants of the imperial family turn out in great style, with cocked hat and long scarlet dress with yellow facings, embroidered with the Russian eagle. There was a great display during Easter week, when the empress sent her carriages to take the girls who are educated at the Smolni Institute — perhaps the most magnificent girls' school in the world — to see the fête in the Champ de Mars. As the long procession of imperial carriages, with their scarlet liveries, drove through the merry holiday-makers, it made a very pretty sight. Some day, possibly, when we have made a little further progress on the road to democracy, our queen may send the royal carriages to take a girls' school to a bank-holiday picnic. In Russia this visit of the girls to the Champ de Mars in the imperial carriages is an annual custom from of old time, and a very worthy custom it is, which is not likely to fall into desuetude.

Whatever color there is in Petersburg has the advantage of a clear atmosphere. Nothing but wood is burned in the stoves, and the air is as free from smoke as that of Paris; the houses are clean; there is none of the grime and dirt of London. The streets, also, notwithstanding the execrable pavement, are wonderfully well swept. Every householder is bound to keep the street clean before his own front, and does it to a marvel. From a sanitary point of view Petersburg is anything but an ideal city. But for street-sweeping it takes the prize. The colors of the houses differ greatly. Some are white; others, includ-

ing many of the palaces, a curious shade of yellow; very few are red; the majority are of the ordinary stucco grey. It is in the roof that the color comes in. In place of the red pantiles of Holland and the slate of London, Petersburg covers its roofs with iron, which it paints red, green, chocolate, as the case may be. The effect is good. In winter all this diversity of color is lost beneath the universal pall of snow. But the last snow-wreaths were melting when I arrived in May, and I had the full advantage of the parti-colored expanse of the roofs of the city. From the roofs the rain is conducted to the pavement by spouts of the most extraordinary dimensions. You could easily drop a baby down most of them, so immense is their capacity. There is no system of main drainage, and the water from the roofs is conducted by these down-comers to the footpaths. It never rained all the time I was in town, so I missed the experience. But in a heavy downpour of rain the torrents from the spouts must make the sidewalks impassable.

One of the most extraordinary things about Petersburg is the unevenness of these sidewalks. It must surely be accounted for by a reaction against the prevailing flatness of Russia. Even in leading thoroughfares, the sidewalks, instead of being made, as with us, as level as possible, abound in the most treacherous ups and downs. How drunken men survive a walk through the streets is to me an unsolved mystery. In Middlesbro' it used to be profanely said that the Quakers, who laid out the town, purposely elevated the sidewalk a couple of feet above the roadway in some of the streets in order to break the necks of drunkards. Possibly a similar benevolent motive prompted the construction of the trottoirs of the Russian capital. People get used to anything, and after a week in the city you become so accustomed to the sudden shiftings of gradient as hardly to notice their existence. In the same way you become accustomed to the *dvornik*, who sits dozing outside the door of every public building or tenemented house. At first nothing seems more monstrous than the presence of this sheepskin-clad mortal at the door of your hotel, motionless and somnolent all through the night; but after a while you cease to notice him. He is supposed to be a substitute for police; and, as he survives the winter, he may be supposed not to feel the frosty nights of a Russian spring. The weather was extremely capricious during the early part of

May. A bright warm sun in the morning might be followed by piercing winds, with sleet and snow in the afternoon. It was never safe to stir abroad without an overcoat. Natives admonished me solemnly, as if I had been manifestly bent on suicide, because I left mine at home whenever the sun shone. Every one wore a topcoat in Petersburg till well into June. The ice in Lake Ladoga, I was told, was the great refrigerator of Petersburg. It was not till past midsummer that summer could be said to have set in on the Neva. Never in any city have I seen so many men and women with faces swollen as if from toothache, as in Petersburg.

As compared with London the streets are silent. A few newspaper men silently offer their journals at the corners of the principal streets, but they do not cry their wares. Neither are there any of the placards which abound with us. There are few omnibuses, and the conductors of the tram-cars, which are numerous and cheap, do not appeal for custom English fashion. On the other hand, Petersburg has the advantage of us in her pigeons. We have pigeons in Palace Yard and in one or two places in the City. In Petersburg they are everywhere; but even in Petersburg they are less numerous than at Moscow. The dove to the Russian is something like the sacred bull to the Hindoo. It is a sacred bird, the emblem of the Holy Ghost. So sacred is it that, they say, the Holy Synod forbade the sale of some French pens, the trade-mark of which was the sacred pigeon. Hence the pretty doves fly about everywhere unmolested, save by predatory cats, whose instincts even the censures of the Church fail to repress. They say that of late a pigeon-shooting club has been established in the outskirts of Petersburg. The repression of that barbarity is better worth the care of the Russian government than the persecution of inoffensive Evangelicals.

One of the most impressive sights in the streets of Petersburg, crowded as they are with busy life, is the funeral procession. The horses, draped in black palls which sweep the ground, look ghastlier even than those of our baleful hearse; the coffin, covered with flowers, is preceded by attendants bearing lanterns and priests habited in their vestments, and followed by mourners pacing bareheaded behind the bier. As the procession passes, all uncover and make the sign of the cross. I saw the funeral of the Countess of Thiesenhausen, a *grande dame* of the court, behind whose bier grand-dukes walked

bareheaded in the sleet down the Nevski Prospect. There was none of that fuss and commotion that would have characterized a similar funeral in London, if our Royal Highnesses were to walk bareheaded in a funeral procession down Regnet Street. My *isvostchik* crossed himself devoutly, but never slackened the speed of his horse as he trotted past. I never saw so distinguished a *cortège* attract so little attention; the homage was paid not to the living, but to the dead.

The Neva is the glory of Petersburg. It is the soul of the city, the cause of its being and the secret of its greatness. Every one knows that Petersburg stands on the Neva. But no one who has not lived in the city can imagine what the Neva is to Petersburg. Even the Russians themselves do scant justice to their magnificent river. It is the fashion among even the best Russians to pooh-pooh Petersburg, in order to exalt the glories of Moscow. Moscow, no doubt, is a very wonderful city; like no other city that exists in all the world — history, architecture, traditions all unique. No one who has ever stood beneath the shade of the Kremlin, or looked out from the terrace over the wide expanse of foliage-wreathed roofs and gilt bulbed spires, and reflected upon the tragic drama of which Moscow has been the stage throughout the centuries, can ever give Moscow a second place among Russian cities. But although in everything else Petersburg yields the palm to the ancient capital, she can boast of one transcendent charm with which Moscow has nothing to compare. The Moskwa is but a rivulet compared with the vast volume of water that flows from Lake Ladoga down to the sea. What the Adriatic is to Venice, that the Neva is to Petersburg. The city is as if built on the river, and seems almost to float on the water.

One-third of Petersburg is built upon the islands which lie in the bed of the Neva, and which are united with the mainland by several bridges, opened for an hour or two in the early morning for the passage of ships. Ocean-going steamers can therefore steam through the heart of Petersburg, and the sight of these great ships, anchored opposite the palaces on the Quai de la Cour, is almost like that of the funnels of the steamers amid the foliage of the trees that line the canals at Rotterdam. That portion of Petersburg that stands on the mainland is intersected by three canals, running in irregular parallel semi-circles through the city. These

canals—the Moyka, the St. Catherine, and the Fontanka—all cross the Nevski Prospect, and afford a means of trade-communication into all parts of the town. Many of the most fashionable houses are built along the canals, and the view of the Fontanka from the bridge between the Anitchkoff Palace and that of the grand duke Serge is one of the most beautiful city scenes I have ever beheld. The bright blue of the crowded curving canal is so different from the polluted water of the Amsterdam canals. The picturesque and stately houses which border its banks, the diversified contrasts in color and in architecture of the buildings on both sides of the canal, make up a picture upon which every eye lingers long and lovingly. The spirited equestrian statues on the bridge contribute to the effect of the unique and beautiful scene. Along these canals smart little screw steamers ply all day, carrying passengers from point to point, driving through tunnels, under streets, dodging the great barges filled with firewood, and generally making their way about the city with celerity and expedition. They are in the hands of a Finnish company, and are much neater in their general appearance and also much smaller than the steamers on either the Seine or the Thames. In connection with the landing-stages of these steamers on the Neva there are established some of the pleasantest floating restaurants I have ever seen. On a hot summer day, when the sun is blazing down upon the dusty streets, it is simply delightful to sit under the light awning that is stretched over the floating refreshment-room, to enjoy cooling drinks at your leisure, and listen to the rippling of the water at your feet.

One distinctive feature of the water-ways of Petersburg is the immense barge filled with firewood for the replenishing of the stoves of the capital. Wood is universally used as fuel, and it is brought down from the forest in these enormous and primitive structures, which you see moored by the side of every canal, or covering acres of the Neva as they lie side by side waiting orders. They are as different from the Dutch canal-boat as a shanty is from a villa, although, to make the comparison complete, the shanty in this case should be three times the size of the villa. The slaves of the laboring oar spend much of their life on board their boat in summer-time; in winter, all navigation, of course, is suspended. Petersburg in winter is quite a different city from Petersburg in spring or summer.

All her water-ways become thoroughfares; her bridges are removed as unnecessary, and the sleigh takes the place alike of the droschky and the steamer. Petersburg under snow is a sight I have still to see. If it is as beautiful as Petersburg in spring it must be lovely indeed.

Sunset and sunrise on the Neva are in themselves worth going to Russia to see. But the Neva is always beautiful when the sun shines. Whenever I was jaded and tired I used to stroll along its granite quays, and found unfailing stimulus in the immense vitality of its waters—fresh, bracing, and inspiring one with all the force of the sea and all the charm of a river. My favorite walk was from the Summer Garden to the Winter Palace. Opposite, on the other side of the river, rose the lofty and slender spire of the Fortress Church, upon whose golden gracefulness the sun glowed and glittered by day, and which at night shone wan, but bright, in the moonbeams. Around the base of the famous church, the burial-place of dead tzars, frowned the bastions of the prison, which, with its sombre memories, supplied a dark and tragic background to the scene. The green foliage of the trees, surrounding the humble cottage in which Peter lived while founding his capital, shone bright and fresh across the wide expanse of the sunlit Neva. An unceasing stream of carriages rolled across the bridges at one o'clock in the morning of the day I left Russia; the Troitsky Bridge was as noisy with traffic as it had been at the preceding noon. Further down across the Neva you saw the Exchange, flanked by the strange columns ornamented with the prows of ships. On this side was the luxurious palace of the tzars.

But dazzling as the Neva was in the splendor of the noonday, I think it fascinated me most in the strange weird light of the northern midnight. In June there there is no real night in Petersburg. You can read a newspaper on the Nevski at eleven o'clock. The street-lamps are never lit, but at twelve and at one you can make out the signs over the shops almost as distinctly as at midday. The sun sets in a blaze of glory, flooding the waters with the radiance of his beams, but the glow of his presence never leaves the northern sky. He disappears over the Little Neva that flows past the Exchange, but all along the horizon lingers a dull, ruddy glow, beneath a sky of pale greeny blue, through which you catch at times the faint twinkle of a star. Behind this

ruddy cloud on the horizon the sun creeps round from north-west to north-east, and about two or three the bright gleam of his disc, which had disappeared on your left, becomes visible on your right, and another day has begun. The fishers are busy casting their nets in the waters; a steam-tug paddles past, with barges in its wake. In the east the first rays of the sun shine red on the water, while in the west beneath the bridge the Neva is still a gleaming and glancing sheet of silver beneath the beams of the moon. In the centre, like a shaft of golden light, the cathedral spire soars above into the calm serenity of a cloudless sky.

Petersburg is a city of palaces, of which the Winter Palace is the first, and it is probably the most magnificent in Europe. It is a huge block of warm-colored stone building, standing, like most Russian palaces, in the street. The Palace Michel and the palace of the grand duchess Helena stand in their own grounds; but the others, the Winter Palace and the Anitchkoff Palace, occupied by the emperor, the Marble Palace, the palace of the grand duke Michael, the palace of the grand duke Serge, all front directly upon the street, without even a courtyard between them and the stream of traffic. The famous Hermitage, with its magnificent picture-galleries, adjoins the Winter Palace. I never passed the massive vestibule, which is supported by ten colossal figures of polished grey granite, without recalling the petition which Victor Hugo placed in the mouth of one of the caryatides, doomed to support forever a building upon her shoulders. These gigantic figures, each twenty-two feet high, with their bowed heads and hands uplifted to support their burden, were an unpleasant symbol of the dumb, uncomplaining race on whose shoulders rests the imposing fabric of the modern State. The Marble Palace, looked at from the outside, is a big, grey, ugly pile on the Neva, enviable for nothing but its situation. The gardens in front of the palace of the grand duchess Helena give it a pleasanter appearance than that of any of the other palaces of Petersburg. The Palace Michel in the Fontanka, with its sombre memories of the murder of the emperor Paul, has little about it to attract. Grand-duke Serge's palace, with its red front, looks at first like a warehouse of brick, until you see the caryatides in the front. The Anitchkoff Palace, which the emperor always occupies when in town, stands in the Nevski, a fact which is said to have

led to the banishment from that great thoroughfare of the unfortunates whose presence is in no capital in Europe so conspicuous as in Regent Street and Piccadilly. A couple of sentries at the entrance gates are all the outward and visible signs that the palace is the abode of the czar.

Of the civic palaces, as distinguished from the imperial palaces, the great library in the Alexander Square occupies the foremost place. It contains over a million printed books, and is very rich in MSS. Its reading-room is the best in Europe after that of the British Museum. The Town Hall is a spacious building, without a gallery, where the comparatively rare public meetings are held, and might be used with advantage much more than is the case at present. Of academies, museums, hospitals, and the like, I say nothing, beyond specially signaling the Smolni Institute, a kind of glorified high school for girls, at which four hundred students are being educated. The institution is unique in Europe, and I much regret that I had not time to pay it a visit.

After the palaces, the churches. Petersburg has three great cathedrals, of which the most magnificent is that of St. Isaac, whose gilded dome, standing high above the dim sky-line of the city's roofs, is one of the most familiar landmarks of Petersburg. It is massive and magnificent; but, except when lighted up with innumerable tapers, as I saw it on Easter eve, it is dark and heavy in the interior. It stands on a subterranean forest of piles, driven forty feet down beneath the surface, but not even this precaution has secured the immense weight of the cathedral from danger from the swampy soil on which the city stands. A cathedral that can count one hundred and twelve granite monoliths sixty feet high, each weighing one hundred and twenty-eight tons, in its peristyles, should be founded on a rock. Unfortunately all the rock in Petersburg lies above the surface of the soil. The sinking and settling of such an enormous mass of masonry necessitate continual repairs. The Kazan Cathedral in the Nevski Prospect, with its arched colonnade in imitation of St. Peter's, is chiefly interesting from its associations of war. It is flanked by statues of General Kutuzoff-Smolenskoi, who lies buried in the cathedral, on the spot where he knelt to pray before starting to oppose Napoleon's invasion in 1812, and of General Barclay de Tolly. Among the keys of fortresses captured by Russian armies, in

a past which now seems almost as far away as the campaigns of the Visigoths, are those of Hamburg, Leipsic, Dresden, Rheims, Breda, and Utrecht. The Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul in the fortress is the Westminster Abbey of Russia — so far at least as the tombs of monarchs are concerned. Russia has not yet begun to bury her heroes and her authors within the precincts which enshrine her imperial dead. The catastrophe which brought the last czar to the resting-place of the Romanoffs is being commemorated by the erection of a memorial church opposite the Kazan Cathedral on the Catherine Canal, at the place where the assassination took place. The building is still in progress, and will not be completed for two years. A somewhat ghastly detail is that the paving-stones and soil on which Alexander II. fell bleeding are being carefully preserved, to be deposited under a baldachin, which, supported by four porphyry columns, will mark the precise spot of the assassination. This habit of commemorating crime is peculiar to Petersburg. There is a beautiful shrine at the entrance to the Summer Garden, erected in memory of the unsuccessful attempt of Karakozoff in 1866 to assassinate the late emperor.

One of the first things that strikes the stranger in Petersburg, and still more in Moscow, is the constant crossing that goes on in the streets. Whenever a devout Russian passes a church, or a shrine, or a holy altar, he lifts his hat and crosses himself in the fashion of the Eastern Church. In Moscow the number of shrines is so great, and the sanctity of some of them so overpowering, that it must be difficult for the devout orthodox to get along the street. In Petersburg the number is much less, but it is still sufficient to keep your *isvostchik's* arms in tolerably active exercise. One thing puzzled me much. In Petersburg the women very seldom crossed themselves. For one woman who would make the sign of the cross in passing the shrine at the entrance to the Gostinnoi Dvor, it would be made by a dozen men. In Moscow the women were more careful to perform their devotions, but in Petersburg the males were much more devout to outward seeming than the women. Of the women who did obeisance to the holy places in Petersburg all were poor. I did not see one well-dressed lady cross herself in the streets all the time I was in Russia. Officers and gentlemen were not so particular as the *isvostchiks* and workmen, but it

was no uncommon sight to see them making the sign of the cross. I travelled with General Ignatieff from Petersburg to Moscow. The moment the train started the general crossed himself twice, remarking that, although you should always pray it was especially incumbent upon you to do so when starting on a journey. The number of shrines in Russia where candles are burning before holy pictures is very great, and much greater importance is attached to the science of genuflexion than is easily credible to the non-Ritualistic Englishman. Sunday was much more generally observed as a holiday than I expected. The shops on the Grand Morskaya and the Nevski Prospect are almost all shut all Sunday. Petersburg is not Sabbatarian by any means; it is more a day of amusement and of visiting than of devotion; but there seemed to me to be a much more general cessation of labor on Sunday in Russia, than either in Germany or in France.

The railway stations, and especially the station for Moscow, are scenes of intense human interest. You usually go to catch a train in Russia half an hour too soon. If you are going any distance all your family and friends come to see you off. Every one is admitted to the platform, which, as a consequence, presents a crowded and interesting spectacle, the like of which I have seen in no other country. The restaurants at the stations are admirable. The restaurants in Petersburg are numerous, the hotels comfortable, and, thanks to the depreciation of the rouble, not too dear. In most of the Russian restaurants digestion is supposed to be facilitated by the strains of a gigantic musical box or mechanical organ which discourses loud-voiced music all the time dinner is going on. In the streets you do not see many policemen. The few whom you meet, as they are regulating traffic or on patrol, carry a revolver — unloaded — and a short sword. I inspected one of the police stations, which seemed clean and in good order. The chief defect was the lack of separate cells for prisoners, and the utter absence of anything for them to do or to read. The state of the streets from the point of view of solicitation is very good, but as this result is obtained by giving the police absolute power to carry off any and every woman whom they choose to suspect to the office of the *police des mœurs*, where she is compelled to submit to examination, the price is higher than most people would care to pay. There are over two thousand women on the register, and the system

seems to be administered with as little brutality as is possible in a system of which periodical outrage is the chief corner-stone. There is a plentiful lack of benevolent and reformatory agencies for dealing with the unfortunates, and the tone of morals in the community still leaves very much to be desired.

Petersburg as a city is one of the most remarkable emanations from the brain and the will of a single man to be found in Europe. It is Peter's city. The famous equestrian statue of the great tzar which stands opposite the Isaac Cathedral points to the capital which he summoned up from the swamp to be the seat of a gigantic empire. The city—as you see it, with its cathedrals, its palaces, its canals, its hedges, its long lines of streets radiating from the Admiralty—is the embodied thought of the masterful sovereign, who, with all his savage vices, was assuredly the most marvellous personification of the despot-reformer Europe has ever seen. There was a sublime ruthlessness about him which reminds us at every step of the operation of the forces of nature. What recked he how many of forty thousand serfs, whom he impressed every year to build his city, perished in the marsh? As little as the earthquake which engulfs a city, or the typhoon which desolates a province. He was an elemental force embodied in human form—and what a force! No one can properly appreciate the colossal energy of the man until he has had some acquaintance with the unconquerable inertia of the people whom Peter set himself to force into step with nations hundreds of years in advance of Muscovy. Even to this day, his countrymen have not quite made up their minds whether he was a fiend or an archangel, antichrist or a new *avatar*. But surely, in all history there are few more pathetically tragic spectacles than this tremendous battle with mud giants on the part of this modern Thor, a struggle constantly renewed by his unconquerable will, but constantly thwarted by that stupidity against which the gods themselves contend in vain.

I suppose Mr. Auberon Herbert would see in the story of Peter's heroic attempt to knout a nation into reform a telling object lesson as to the fatuity of all efforts to force the pace of nature. But Peter himself, with his fiery energy and unconquerable will, was at least as fundamental a piece of nature as the sluggishness and superstition with which he waged so sore a war. It is true he failed in much, and many things have not turned out as he

hoped. Even Petersburg is now admitted to occupy by no means the most desirable site on the Russian seaboard. The mortality among the levies whose labor built the city was great, but the number of those who perish by the unhealthiness of the site, year after year, even to this day, is still more appalling. The death-rate of Petersburg is nearly double that of London; and, even if all allowance is made for the difference of sanitary science, the mortality due to the site selected by Peter can hardly be less than ten per thousand per annum. As the population of the capital is nine hundred and thirty thousand, this is equivalent to an annual hecatomb of ninety-three hundred victims sacrificed to the manes of the despot-reformer.

Among the monuments of Petersburg, one of the most notable is that close to the British Embassy, which was erected to the memory of Suwarrow. As the guard pass every morning the base of the statue, they salute the heroic figure as if the old field-marshal were still alive and they were the same veterans who marched in his train across the Continent. They do well to honor the grim old warrior whose name survives, but the unknown warriors, not less valiant than he, whose bones, long bleached by Alpine snows and Italian suns, constitute the real pedestal of his glory—they, too, should not be without their meed of honor. One of the most pathetic pictures in this year's Salon was that of a beautiful woman strewing flowers on the altar erected to the unknown heroes of anonymous valor and unrecorded worth. Peter's city, great and beautiful as it is, will remain while it stands a magnificent memorial of the energy and genius and the resolution of the man whose name it bears. But while recognizing that to the full, let us never forget the silent suffering, dogged endurance, and inexhaustible sacrifices of the myriads of forgotten dead, without whose loyal obedience and ceaseless labor Peter's dream could never have been translated into the solid reality of Peter's city.

W. T. STEAD.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

UNDER CANVAS IN A PROCLAIMED DISTRICT.

ONE hears a good deal from time to time of persons who spend a holiday under canvas: young gentlemen who undergo a series of misfortunes, including incipient matrimony with a village maid; green-

horns who obviously never camped before, and as certainly should never again be trusted away from the tender care of cook and housemaid. But of the other sort of camper, for whom the life, though retaining all the charm of freedom and freshness, has lost its feeling of adventure, little, so far as I know, has been written. Possibly the annals of such an encampment may have interest for the uninitiated; so, as the weather is quite too bad for sketching, I shall set down a few notes of the experiences undergone here, in the wilds of Donegal, by my friend M'Skian and myself.

In a lonely spot like this, the very memories of 'bus and *underground* and crowded street seem fantastic and impossible. No state of being could well be better calculated to produce rank crops of ignorance than is solitude like ours; and yet it has its interests. With a few good books and a friend who can think and talk of them—who loves all that is most worthy and wise in life and literature, and who is capable of intelligently pulling one's verses to pieces and referring each fragment to its original source,—what pleasant hours may be passed on a stormy night even under canvas, or high among the hills upon the sunny seventh day! Then in a tent there is little, in thought and fact, between one and the stars. The feverishness of life dies unechoed in the placid vastnesses of sky and woodland. The rooks and jackdaws sit around us as we feed, and filch the scrapings from the porridge-pot. The chaffinches take shelter in our storage-tent at night, and earn an easy livelihood. The rabbits that swarm about the place are soon accustomed to the harmless sight of us, and no longer seek the warren when we appear upon the scene. The rats, too, are wondrous plentiful and friendly, sharing freely our potatoes and our bread.

Then there are our nearer relatives of the *genus homo*—ignorant, like ourselves, of current politics; behind the time with information, and bringing us odd scraps of news after a visit to the little town below.

One night last summer, my friend and I were sitting by the fire and smoking an after-dinner pipe, when we were joined by the local man of handiwork; and he, greetings over, took up his position among the midge-vexing smoke of our log fire, and began:—

"An' so we're a' proclaimed now!"

"Proclaimed!" said I, looking up from

the tin plates which I had been laying aside. "How do you mean?"

"Oh, *proclaimed!* under the Crimes Act. The whole o' the country—a' but a bit or two about Belfast there—is proclaimed."

"Is the Crimes Bill passed then?"

"God bless you!—yes; and in full swing!"

"How long has that been?" said M'Skian.

"Oh, I don't know! It must be a good while now."

And indeed it was a "good while" for two would-be intelligent persons, camping in one of the districts most strongly affected by the measure, to remain in ignorance of its enactment. But then the artistic mind is not usually trammelled by excessive exactness; and, as I have said, the intellectual environment of life in a tent, eight miles from nowhere, offers perhaps the best possible assurance against the disturbance of a ruminant propensity. In such a place one soon becomes as narrow and self-centred as a weathercock, and half mistrusts the existence of any question weightier than that daily one of—Will there be letters by the post? Weather in Donegal, so far as I know it, furnishes but poor opportunity for speculation. One takes it for granted that it is going to rain; and to debate the point of whether the clouds will arrive from the south-west as usual, would be to descend to the very dregs of triviality. Thought is to the mind what blood is to the tissues. Stop its flow and decomposition soon sets in; so it is fortunate for us here that we have the interests of work to maintain the mental circulation.

Work, and not the mere Saxon love of roughing it, has tempted us thus far, to reside under a nine-foot canopy in one of the most inclement climates. During a tour made in the autumn of last year, I was struck by the wealth—unusual both in quantity and kind—of picture-matter in the wind-wrecked grounds of Ards. The big house itself is uninhabited, and stands, gaunt, silent, and imperfect, as it was deserted thirteen years ago by the workmen who had been rebuilding it. The grounds, which are of very great extent, occupy a rocky isthmus beaten by perpetual hurricane and deluge into a series of crevices and ridges, and boldly indented along the margin by bays and branches of the long shallow fiord. The conformation of the neighborhood suggests the idea that here is a handful of

scraps — odd valleys and spare uplands — that would fit in nowhere else, and so have just been thrown out among the sand-hills, as carters shoot rubbish over a seawall. Mr. Stevenson has truly spoken of artists as men "who know the name of nothing;" so I may admit that I have never ascertained the geological formation of the district. But it produces excellent picturesque results — which is all that an artist need care about in the matter — and supplies, for a great stretch of the woodland which northern Ireland lacks so sadly, a roothold whose meagreness is manifested by the number of fallen trunks. These lie as they have gone down before successive cyclones, in sheaves and lanes and palisades, tossed hither and thither, snapped, twisted, and up-torn like your favorite tulips beneath the snout of a marauding pig. Thousands are down — and some of those the finest in the place; but many thousands still remain, and make a fitting foreground for the bends of the sand-barred tideway and the highlands among which it hides its head. This, however, is sheer geography; so let us have no more of it.

I noted it, nevertheless, during my hurried visit a year ago; and obtained a promise of permission to pitch my tent within the grounds. So, when the jubilation had been duly undergone; when I had swelled the mob, and *vice versa* in the plural; when, in short, London was beginning to look played out, I sent back my piano to the dealer; packed my portmanteau; and, having picked up my friend M'Skian and the camping-kit *en route* by Scotland, arrived duly at our destination. Let us say *duly*. It is not worth arguing about at this time. Those Irish mail-cars! Did you ever travel on one of them, and wonder how the Jehu contrives to balance himself upon the pile of mail-bags which the blue-eyed, bare-legged colleens hand up to him, with a mouthful of Irish and smiles, at every hamlet by the way? Did you ever sit bodkin between the pretty girl, who, you feel, would help you to while away the time, and her mother, who lodges a basket on your knees, and reposes the end of her veritable gingham in your eye? Do you know what it is to travel half a day with the oscillations of a pile of baggage restricted only by rhythmic contact with your spinal processes? And then, those so-called "vans"! "Van," I suppose, is a contraction for "wagon;" and some visionary etymologists have sought to ascribe the origin of the latter word to the wagging motion of the vehicle.

If they be in the right, by all means let the public conveyance so called remain a *van*.

For those of my readers who have never ridden in one, I would describe an Irish van as a very much elongated side-car, with the driver's seat so elevated as to give him a power of veto on the leader's stumblings. The fact that the two long seats face outward has a double advantage. In the first place, the lover of scenery is, by this arrangement, enabled to see the country without an inharmonious foreground of commercial gent; and, in the second, it is thus made possible for a wearied traveller to slip off and walk at will. Between the two rows of passengers is a so-called "well," which supports a high embankment of heterogeneous baggage; and underneath is the "boot" — in which, by the way, the better of our two tents was left when we arrived at the little inn where we were to stay the night; and so, ere we were afoot next morning, was carried back to the railway terminus.

Awake we had been — or, at least, I had been — nearly all night, by reason of the maudlin recitative in which the watch-dog redundantly addressed the moon. It was much the same as I remember it to have been last year; and, so far as I could judge, the same cur as then now echoed his emotions, and wafted his hymn of praise in dwindling enharmonic cadences across the country-side.

The moon declined. The dog-watch was at an end; and, had the cocks been but a little later, I should have missed the finish of the programme. But, true to their appointment, this other sect of worshippers took up the strain, and proclaimed the morn in a periphrastic harangue quite out of keeping with the small practical advantage of their announcement. I was by these means afforded every opportunity of listening to the pounding of the rain, which had come thus opportunely after a six weeks' pledge of drought.

Now we had definitely laid our plans. We were to cart our properties out to Ards, and pitch our tents on that day, Saturday; and so reserve Sunday for settling down and getting our sketching apparatus into order. We readily detected, in the coincidence of this sudden down-pour and the losing of our tent, a special and malicious departure from the natural order of things; and we accordingly determined to adhere to our resolution, and defy at once the unpropitious coach-driver

and the hostile sky. We issued a contract for a cart; and, during the three hours necessary for the preparation of that vehicle, I sallied out to secure the goodwill of the storekeeper's daughter, and to procure a mandate to the caretaker of the house of Ards. And when everything had been ready for some time, and we had stood about the door and glared defiance at the plethoric heavens, the cart put in a leisurely and woe-begone appearance. With a sigh for the missing waterproof tent, we saw the other packages piled on one another; commended the whiskey-bottle (under seal) to the tender and reverential care of the carter; and, setting our teeth, splashed out of the village along the streaming road.

We had been told that it was five miles to Ards; but indeed we forgot that the miles were Irish ones. I was informed last year that the milestones were originally distributed throughout Donegal by setting them up at the points where they fell off a well-piled cart at the gallop. The intervals between them in that case give the horses of the past but a feeble character for action; and, at all events, we have since walked those five miles between Ards and Dunfanaghy at good pace, but could not get our time much lower than two hours.

As soon as we were well upon our way, we began to perceive what an important part our vague suspicion of a malignant dispensation had played in inducing us to start. We were drenched to the skin in a minute or two; but I am glad we did not put back to port, for a little tragedy occurred at the inn that night, and our unfortunate fat friend and landlord was next morning found dead in his room.

We were now righteously indignant with the weather; and as each bend of the avenue showed us yet another bend to be unwound, our spirits got lower, ever lower, like the drops that trickled down our necks. How different did everything look from the appearance it presented on that sunny day when I drove through Ards a year ago! The moss-grown quartzite cliffs and granite boulders, the silver birches and the grey and crimson pines, were lightless, colorless, bedraggled. The rhododendrons that encroached in such romantic wise upon the carriage-drive — that had brushed my knees with their blossoms as the side-car pressed between them — disseminated nothing now but chill and spiteful showers if we so much as touched them. The very bunnies — where were they, that darted then

by hundreds into every covert? It must indeed be raining, thought I, if the rabbits stay at home.

And yet grey clouds and "weeping skies" seemed somehow the proper attributes for such a scene of desolation. There were many nooks and tangles, any one of which the most unbending realist might have taken, as it stood, to typify the jungle of the sleeping beauty. And verily the house seemed like the vanishing palace in the "Arabian Nights."

Another bend! Yet another, and another!

"*Ards longa victual brevis est*," I half exclaimed; and M'Skian gave a bitter laugh.

Just then we spied a roof of shining slates; and, with the grunt of sulky men who have had enough of this nonsense, we started forward at full pace. At one end of the building were the raw walls and columns of an added wing, which, having never been completed, gave the whole an air of ruin and decay. Architecture, however, must, like geography, be eschewed; still, let me say that there were many chimneys, and that one of them was smoking.

Simultaneously in both our minds awoke the thought: "Why not capture the position by a *coup de main*, murder or incarcerate the care-taker, receive our baggage blandly when the cart arrives, and live here till the rain goes off?" On one point we were determined — that nothing short of force, and that of a violent kind, should drive us prematurely from the shelter of the walls and roof. It was with tragic resolution that we rang the bell; and after a silence and a lapse of time suggestive of palatial vastness, steps echoed on the flags of the uncarpeted hall, and a variety of fastenings were withdrawn.

The door opened; and lo! the success of our dark plot was in our hands. Before us stood a little old lady, the caretaker, who looked altogether as if she had taken too many of them, and they had not agreed with her. Here was an easy victim! and we strode into the hall.

But both M'Skian and myself have tender hearts and unindured to crime; and the hectic flush of evil purpose gave place to a more genial glow of affable content when we found that our letter of introduction procured for us not only shelter, but service, which assassination must of necessity have lost to us. We who were ready to sleep on table, couch, or floor, if we might but have a roof above

our heads and maintain our hands in pristine stainlessness, found two rooms promptly placed at our disposal. This put us in the best of humors; and we accompanied the old lady through the larger rooms of the house, and admired them to the top of our vocabulary.

In the drawing-room there was, besides the piles of shrouded furniture, a handsome Broadwood, which, save during the periodical visits of the tuner, had been locked, said our guide, since the house was deserted a baker's dozen of years ago. I had been exhilarated by the sight of so companionable an article of furniture, and my face fell when locks and keys were spoken of; but cheerfulness was restored by our informant's adding that there was another piano, open, in the sitting-room that we were to occupy.

"Let us go and see it," said I.

But M'Skian interposed with, "Bother the piano!" Then, turning to the old lady, he asked, with a sleek smile, "Is the dining-room as fine as this? Might we see it also?"

I glared at his back as he moved towards the door. He is always interfering in this way; and, because he can't sing any more than a heron can, he loves to trammel me in my refined enjoyment. It has always been an artistic peculiarity of mine to sing or whistle when performing any of the less serious offices of life; and the proficiency I have thus attained so irritates M'Skian that he sticks at nothing that will discompose me in the exercise of my powers. Of course it would not do to yield to such captious opposition; but it is difficult to retain the full dramatic coloring of such a work as "Marble Halls" when an unfriendly companion is assuming every appearance of distress, and indulging in language entirely at variance with the composer's motive. There is some hidden charm about the song just mentioned; and it has of late taken so strong a hold upon me that I sing the first stave or so very much oftener than I have any wish to. At the same time, it is merely childish in M'Skian to say I sing it out of tune; and his insisting on our viewing the uninteresting dining-room was carrying the thing too far.

It was a large and perhaps a handsome apartment with a lofty fireplace, and, piled against the walls, a number of great pictures. One canvas, representing Susanna and the elders, was fixed high up above the chimneypiece; and this our guide — whose diacritic knowledge of anatomy and scriptural tableaux was amazingly at fault

— pointed out to us with more enthusiasm than discrimination.

"It is said to be very valuable. It is Abraham sacrificing Isaac." What she made of the two other elders we did not ask.

By-and-by our properties arrived; and having despatched emissaries to intercept our wandering home, we trundled our boxes into the sitting-room. I opened the piano; and M'Skian even consented to sing a Gaelic song — several times in succession as it seemed to me; but he, like Wilkie Collins, says no.

This unforeseen hospitality on the part of the housekeeper somewhat upset the calculations of the supernal water-trust. The rain very soon hauled off; and when we stole, candle in hand, through the long passages to our bedroom, we could see, through open doors, the starlight resting weirdly upon piles of dust-clothed mystery. Now here we were in a great, deserted house, with every proper setting for a ghost-story; and nothing would dissuade me from making one but the certainty that it would not be believed. A door banged in the night, the wind moaned through the long corridors, and a rat shrieked in terror when she felt my counterpane stir beneath her scurrying feet. So much you may believe; though in truth I slept too soundly to hear such sounds. Or perhaps I should rather say M'Skian slept too soundly for anything else to be audible.

Next morning the weather was improved — being merely what the Highlanders call "shooery, wi' rain between whiles;" and though it doubtless was the Sabbath, a great temptation was held out to us in the arrival of the missing tent. This overcame our scruples; and we, being unwilling to reside longer than we were compelled to as stowaways in another man's house, resolved to build our own.

No landscapist who has drawn back before he has learned the few dodges for making a tent comfortable, can estimate the convenience it is to live in a house which he can set up as near as he pleases to his "subject," and whose *ménage* binds him to no special hours for his coming in or going out. But, be it understood, an apprenticeship must be served; and no mere townsman need start out into the wilderness and expect to find comfort in the possession of a tent and an outfit, however elaborate. The more simple the outfit the better, but it must be used with intelligence; and chiefly, must be acquired

a certain intimacy with the processes of camp cookery. It costs a great deal of time, moreover, to gratify, by one's own labor, a love of cleanliness in camp; and scrubbing greasy frying-pans and plates is an occupation for which, be it confessed, I have never been able to overcome a strong repugnance. I know that to some persons dish-washing *al fresco* has a charm all its own; but an expert is apt to regard a saucepan cleansed by one in such a state of exaltation as a thing to be subsequently looked into. A scullion is born, not made, any more than a poet is; and though the presence of hired labor is a drawback, it saves many a bright half-hour — which is valuable to working artists. So we enlisted the supplementary services of the resident housemaid, and at once set out to fix the site of our encampment.

In choosing the ground for a tent, there are several points to be borne in mind. The earth under foot must be dry and hard, and as nearly as possible bare of grass. Such ground will generally be found under large beech-trees. But the beeches must not be so low as to exclude the sunlight or obstruct the passage of the air. Grass is no doubt sweet and pretty during the first week; but after that it is neither; and, at the best of times, it is retentive of moisture and shirt-studs. You must be near a sufficient water-supply, and not too far from the residence of your bed-maker, who will probably act also as receiver of your stores. These practical considerations are more important than a picturesque seclusion; and they decided us in our selection of a spot somewhat nearer the house than we could otherwise have wished. Our immediate vicinity is rather badly infested by rats, nettles, and other vermin, animal and vegetable; but when these are hidden by the darkness of night, our camp itself and its surrounding beeches look wonderfully picturesque in the light of our crackling fire. The trees, which are six in number, and of giant size, stand at almost regular intervals, and form an oval arena, at the upper end of which there is just the right space for our two tents. Here we pitched them side by side; so that the right-hand curtain-pegs of the one serve also for the left-hand guy-ropes of the other, and *vice versa*; and though each of our tents is nine feet square, and by itself occupies, with guys extended, more than twice that space, side by side they together make a frontage of only some thirty-three feet.

Then, though the ground was like a rock, we knew that a narrow trench all

round each tent was indispensable. Well did we both remember how, two years before, a sudden storm caught us in the act of pitching our tent in a lonely Highland glen; and how a streamlet for three days coursed across the floor, drenching our properties and creating a perfect epidemic of humors and rheumatism — and all because we had had no time to dig a moat. No doubt, in the highlands of Ireland, as in those of Scotland, the rain may be said to have acquired a right of way over every piece of ground; but the genteel attractions of a made thoroughfare prove, in both lands, irresistible to the barbarous element.

Then, after much searching among deserted stables, decadent boat-house, and forsaken forge, we found ourselves in possession of a large old door, on which to make our couch, and of as many gratings as would have enabled us to fire a perfect school of cookery. Each of us in alternation lugged forth a most seductive chimney-pot, or revealed at once a pile of piping, and a fantastic scheme for putting it to use. In truth, a person of resource might have furnished, from the *débris* that was strewn about, a hamlet of moderate size. It went to our hearts to relinquish, for want of a high-pressure boiler, our purpose of heating the camp by pipes; and it was in vain that we strove to find employment for rotten ladders and rusty baths. I am not yet satisfied that one large, boot-shaped example of the latter species might not be converted to the completion of the hot-pipe scheme; and I can see, from the introverted look that comes into M'Skian's eyes, as we pass a certain spot, that he still upholds the feasibility of opening meat-tins with a lawnmower that lurks there.

This rivalry of ingenuity and its concomitant bigotry of opposition were, however, productive of so much heart-burning, that we agreed to adhere in our living to the primary principles of convenience. We sank, as far as human creatures can, all yearnings after the debarred development of our still-born conceptions; and we wreathed our parent sympathies about one common offspring of our fancy — a fireplace, the design of which we cherish as a secret of great price. I succeeded, however, in trapping my friend into helping me to transport a great wooden box, which, though it has kept our firewood dry through weeks of rain, is still, I know, regarded by him as a very poor affair. And when he saw that I really had a use for it, he drew forth, with a look

of fatuous triumph, a large curved tile, which he had smuggled down under his coat, and which, I may now admit, has done excellent service as a wind-screen for the oil-stove. *Carte blanche* was reciprocally granted for the use of bricks; and when we had, by handling them, worn from our palms the blisters raised by the use of the peg-mallet, when we had revelled to satiety in structural contrivance, and had got as many twists as there were joints in our respective vertebral columns, we closed the doors; and, with many a furtive backward glance of tenderness, hobbled to the house and took our last sleep on a civilized four-poster.

Next morning the milk cart, which daily brought supplies and a letter-wallet, delivered the bed-sacks stuffed to bursting with unnecessarily fragrant hay. (Straw was not to be had at the farm; but—never mind! It means only a few more bruised sensations in the morning.) We carried them down and placed them in position. We transported our wardrobe, and arranged our stores. We carpeted our residential tent with pack-sheet from about the blankets; and we relegated easel, color-box, and camp-stool to the out-house.

Here a word of practical advice. Never take any but a square wooden trunk into camp. Lay it on its back with the top to the front, so that the lid, when opened, rests upon the ground. The front—which is now the top—is thus available as a rest for articles which need not be disturbed each time the box is opened.

But the previous day's work had left us but little to do; so, as the weather was brilliant, we made an expedition in search of "subjects" for our art. Of these there was no lack. Foot had scarcely trod—and scarcely could—through the jungle that had sprung up among the fallen trunks. Oh, what a wealth of brier-stranded rock and fern-fringed cliff! What silvery ash-stems shining in the coolness of moss-muffled shades! What depths of fir wood, with black shafts soft-silhouetted against lurking gleams! What purple uplands, with the islet-fretted sea-way stretching to the north! What fleeting light and shade, wandering in and out of sight among the rolling sand-hills east and west, as a gull dips and rises on a ground-swell! What lightning-blasted pines rearing their wan limbs in foresight of the moon! What flowers! what pathways, cushioned dykes, and sandgirt bays! Such places make a painter feel a fool indeed.

We laid us down among the heather, and, for a time, with basking eyelids yielded all our senses, as must a fiddle in the sun, to warmth and gentle sound. Soon our attention was claimed by that incessant movement of the insect world. What lover of the woodland has not viewed the ant's labors and learned to shun his haunts? What follower of Wordsworth does not recognize the fairy note of the mosquito's horn, and go elsewhere—as we did back to camp?

Then, after dinner, we started for the nearest shop, three miles away, to supply ourselves with butter and a bucket. The road was unknown to us; and we were glad to meet, on her way from chapel, our lady-help, who gave us our bearings. This handy, obliging maid-of-all-work has, I understand, a story of her own; and has suffered at the hands of law for spirit displayed during a brief engagement, non-matrimonial, with sundry members of "the force." A friend of the evicted is likely to befriend the exile; and we, in the latter category, have found her faultless.

When we left the cover of the trees, we saw against the clean-blown livid yellow of the western sky, great ragged clouds come staggering up towards the zenith; and in a minute the rain was splashing in our faces. We had no overcoats, so up went our collars.

"They've cotched us this time," said M'Skian.

But we meant to have that bucket and that butter, and some tobacco into the bargain; so we broke into a trot.

We found the storekeeper seated on a sack in his little shop, and conversing with the customers who were being served by the dame behind the counter. But, on our entry, business and conversation ceased together. Every eye was turned upon us, every ear was bent to catch the vulgar Saxon twang; and it was difficult to retain one's self-possession under such an ordeal of scrutiny.

We came through it, however, without syncope; and at length we issued with our bucket, half filled with stores and slung on a stick between us. The moon was up; and, down below us, the last of the ebbing tide was stealing out in streams of molten silver between the bars of purple sand, rippling over the shallows with a diamond on every wave, and threading its gurgling way among the mazes where the salmon had been leaping a few hours before. Somehow, it made me think of pearls and diamonds, sapphires and onyxes, flowing in wanton love of splendor

from between the dark, half-parted fingers of a negro princess. Neither of us could do more than groan; and as soon as we had deposited our burden at the tents, we wandered down to the point, and gazed till we were perfectly wretched with the humiliation of an artist's impotence. The moon was higher by this time; and, far away, the hills were sleeping in its spell, with something on them of that inscrutable, pathetic blessedness that trembles about the lips of a dreaming child. Past the rock on which we stood, the tide was slipping in noiseless, glassy swirls, that sought in vain—for all the world, like one of us poor daubers—to carry away, from the wavering reflection on the surface, a single spark of the pure light. Black indeed must their night have seemed when that last touch of splendor was withdrawn from them!

Then back we came to camp, to creep into our blanket-bags, and I to lie and listen to the moaning of the breakers on the bar far down the inlet; to the whimpering and wailing of the wild-fowl, as they changed their feeding-ground from time to time before the returning tide; and to other more emphatically slumbrous strains discoursed by my rapt companion.

I told M'Skian next morning that I thought he should see a doctor about his strongly marked stertorous diathesis; and he replied, with characteristic irritability, "Don't try to be funny. I never snored in my life."

I could not but laugh at this, and he broke forth,—

"Well, I at least confine myself within my compass and don't go squalling after impossible notes that would be out of place even if they weren't out of tune."

Poor M'Skian! His ideas of music are limited by the possibilities of a stand of bagpipes; and with these in his arms, he will prance up and down our enclosure of an evening, or stand and beat the ground with one foot as he blows himself black in the face. Then, when thoroughly exhausted, he lays the implement aside, and, seating himself on the edge of the bed, renews the foot-stamping to the accompaniment of a monotonous "oho-o-o! ohum! oho-o-o! ohum-m!" These sounds he pretends to find indicated in the sheet of music which he holds in his hands and thumps upon the back with his long fingers to exercise the joints.

But enough of him and his nasty sounds!

It was raining hard while our little discussion was in progress; and the day was

one of perpetual downpour. But we had come to Donegal to sketch, and of course we were going to do so.

Out we went in waterproofs, and pitched umbrellas before our chosen subjects. Donegal weather does not usually take umbrellas into its calculations; and the fact that we were enabled, by their help, to accomplish a fair day's work—the adjective relates to the latter noun—showed that something further must be done to beat us. A gale of light calibre was accordingly brought into action on the succeeding morning. It made a sketching umbrella on the end of its long stem a thing of no effect; but again we obtained the requisite cover, by unscrewing the stem and thrusting the end of the upper joint down inside our respective waistcoats till the *parapluie* spread close above head and sketching-block. On Thursday the treatment was changed to fine rain, sifted in under the shelter by sudden squalls that made the brass ferrule on the umbrella shank a bosom companion of greater animation than amenity. A slight arrangement of capes, however, enabled us to sustain some show of perseverance and progression; so on Friday a perfect hurricane was launched against us. Such tactics cannot be met except with management. First, you must carefully extend the guy-cords of your umbrella, creep in under it, and having buttoned waistcoat, jacket, and waterproof about the stem, raise yourself circumspectly on to the camp-stool. Still, the oscillations of the ferrule and the consequent abrasion of one's ribs are severe in such a tempest; and I, at all events, was almost glad when, before many hours had passed, the weather completely lost its temper,—began tearing up trees and things; and at last burst, with a clap of thunder, into such a torrent of tears as would have out-drowned the deluge. I am not going to talk of bucketfuls and tubfuls. No words could give the least idea of the dense mass of water that made all the surface of the land turn white with driving spray.

This was a painful exhibition of passion at which I felt it was better that I should not be longer present. I paddled with dignity back to camp; and when I saw the little delta, with its miniature stems and boulders, that had already been created at the escapement of our trench, I realized that, after all, one trick was ours.

When darkness fell, the sky cleared and once more the moon shone out among the stars. Here let me say, in tribute to the good taste displayed by the orbs of

day and night, that they have throughout maintained a neutral attitude, and held entirely aloof from participation in our contest with the elements. What, after all, was —

The battle to the moon, that all the while
High out of hearing passes with her smile?

She, at all events, gave us a sitting, and supplied the light that enabled us to steal a march upon the enemy and secure a sketch apiece. But because she refused to boycott us, the clouds soon locked her up again.

On Saturday we awoke to find the sunlight shining through our tent, in dancing gleams and shadows from the beech-leaves overhead. But a little experience teaches mistrust of such gay coquetry at early hours. There is a peculiar kind of brilliant morning glare that puts the wily painter on his guard; and we, recognizing it here, declined, in spite of all this ostentation of goodwill, to dispense with macintosh and gingham.

Thus were we enabled to frustrate the weather's *dernier ressort* of ruse and stratagem. In vain did the clouds part and allow the sun to beat upon us with untempered rays. That merely prevented our laying aside the parasol; so that when the next shower came, it found us ready, and did nothing but confirm us in our unresponsiveness. A full day's work was thus achieved—owing in part to the primitive character of the methods employed by our opponents; and in the evening we were allowed without molestation to make a sketch of the foam-girt sand-hills that ran out in a blaze of sunset orange across the dark background of purple hills. But verily, if the weather in Donegal treats all painters as it has treated us, it is little wonder that one sees so few pictures of the many splendid scenes.

Sunday, of course, was gorgeous and exceeding hot. In the forenoon, we, book in pocket, strolled along to our favorite diving-place; and having bathed, we read or wrote, and swam again, and basked upon the sand—and got ourselves well sun-burnt for our pains.

My friend M'Skian is much given to superfluous bathing at unfitting hours. Doubtless, on a day like that second Sunday, his enthusiasm is a positive convenience—saving one from the trouble of making up one's mind, and compelling one, after some factitious opposition, to gratify, with every appearance of good-nature and self-abnegation, an inwardly clamant desire for coolness. But when

one has just returned, chilled and weary, from a hard day's study of a distant cliff, between which and the camp the heavy knapsack has been carried over rocks and heather through a drizzling cloud; when, late dinner being finished, and heavy rain falling with the night, everything is wrapped in horrid sloughing darkness,—it is at such a moment that the frenzy sometimes seizes him. I see a wan light in the wistful, furtive eye. The pipe hangs limply from the lips, as do the hands across the nerveless knees. Those are the symptoms; and I, recognizing them, rise from the log where I have been warming myself beside the fire, steal away into the tent, and throw myself in simulated sleep upon the bed. But by-and-by I hear a sigh of resolution from without; and then the step, remorseless as the "impartial foot" of death, draws nigh the door. The curtain is pushed aside; and, borne on a chill draught of the discouraging atmosphere from without, come the dreaded tones, —

"I say, come on and have a swim."

The cold sweat breaks out upon my brow. I cling in prayerful agony to the tent-sack, stuffed with hay, which serves me for a pillow. And I answer not a word.

But the fever is upon him; and he speaks again in tones that show he means to have an answer.

"I say, look here, come on and have a swim."

"A swim!" I shriek "Great" — but I check myself in time; for a no-swearing game is in progress, by the laws of which we play each other for sixpenny points.

"On a night like this!" I proceed.

"I'll see me — ahem! Are you mad?"

"I'm not mad at all," says he, in a pitiful wheedling tone. "Come on, man."

"I *will* not. I *will not* do it. So you may go and be hanged."

"I'll trouble you for saxe-pence," says M'Skian; and when I have paid, I turn towards the wall.

He stands for some time without a word, coughing and turning in his toes and peering through the doorway, as if completely at a loss to understand my objections. In the interval I hear the big drops from the beech-leaves beating an irregular tattoo upon the tent; but to M'Skian they are but as the trumpet to the charger. To make a long story short, I am, after a fierce altercation, compelled to save myself from violent coercion, by accompanying him as towel-bearer.

He leaves the larger portion of his

clothing at the tent—verily there is little likelihood of meeting folk abroad—and sets out for the shore in waterproof and kilt and tennis-shoes. These I am to hold over my arm while I stand under the shelter of a sketching-umbrella and attempt to thrust away my misgivings about the sanity of poor M'Skian as he "plouters" about. In the mean time he has made a circuit of the creek; and, coming back to the diving-place, clutches the edge, and attempts, in spasmodic falsetto, to persuade me that the water is warm, and that this really is a chance I may not have again in a hurry.

"I hope not," I reply. "Look here, if you don't come out of that, I'll throw your clothes in after you." So M'Skian climbs up the rocks; and a pretty idiotic figure he makes dancing on one leg to get the water out of his ear.

But a dive and a rush through breakers sparkling beneath a midday sun—that is another matter altogether, as even M'Skian admitted on the occasion of this our first great bathe.

We came back ravenous to camp, and lo! the solitude was gone. The lawn about the house was dotted with groups of curious country-folk; and when we dived through the intervening strip of trees and came upon the tents, we were greeted by the gaze of about fifteen natives, who, with open mouths, awaited our arrival.

Now I must state that M'Skian and myself have by long experience learned that the kilt is the dress *par excellence* for roughing it. A man who wears the kilt may wade through a stream, and suffer no evil from the moisture, which evaporates in about half an hour. A man who wears the kilt can come on parade in the morning in about two-thirds of the time occupied in dressing by a man who does not—or perhaps I should rather say, by a man who wears something else; and, for the sake of these great practical advantages, we submit to a certain amount of good-humored ridicule which we incur by wearing it. People who are unaccustomed to the "garb of old Gaul" are apt to regard its wearers as belonging to a species of barbarian; and our visitors on that and subsequent Sundays most clearly looked upon us as not quite civilized. Our reputation had evidently spread, for, during the afternoon, folk from over the water—having no doubt heard strange rumors of tents, kilts, pictures, and other attributes of insanity—arrived in boats and coracles. Much did they wonder at the "strange

houses," as they called them; and great was their seeming reverence for the climbing powers that had enabled us to reeve a flag-halliard round a branch high up in the Gothic nave of our most unscalable beeches. In reality, it was placed there by the simple method of fastening it to a good throwable stone. But of course we did not tell them so.

After a time we retired within the tent to get some letters written; and many and amusing were the comments we heard from fresh arrivals at the show. On subsequent Sundays this Buffalo-Billiarization of our camp became such a nuisance that we were put to serious inconvenience in having to fence off our little arena with rope, and to reduce the attractions of the establishment by discarding the kilt for the day.

During the week we scarcely ever see a soul besides Frederick Gowler, the man of handiwork who has already appeared for a moment at the beginning of the paper; Paddy the post-boy; and the three inhabitants of the big house, to whom he daily brings, as I have said, the stores and a letter-bag.

He also does errands for us in a way.

"Paddy, our salt is done; bring us a packet from Andy Baird's to-morrow morning," I cried, as he was departing one day.

"I will, sorr," he replied; and next morning, when he handed me a tiny parcel, I asked, —

"What is this?"

"Salt, sorr," said he.

"About enough for one boiling of potatoes!" said I.

I tore the outer cover, and burst into a roar of laughter when I read upon a label:

"BEST REFINED EPSOM SALTS.

2 oz."

"Here, Paddy," said I, "here's a present for you." But he was gone like the wind.

The poor, however, we have always with us, in the form of multitudinous spiders, earwigs, and other less perceptible but equally grievous insects; and though at all times willing, I hope, to share our substance with the needy, we do not therefore undertake to batten such visitors upon the substance of our limbs. Earwigs, especially, have a peculiar habit of biting close in the neighborhood of some unfending moth upon one's neck, and getting away in time to have the whole blame and abolishment descend upon the unprotesting scapegoat.

A swarm of ants visited us at another period, and we were obliged to wire for a quantity of a certain pulverine insect-destroyer. This is contained in a small cylinder, much like a cocoa-tin, save that it has a perforated top, through which the substance is dusted about the eyes of offenders, which are then pinned to the teht-pole as a warning to their fellows.

One morning I entered the tent to get something that I required for breakfast, and there I found M'Skian fiercely humming a battle song, to which he beat time with his hand far down in the depths of his sleeping-bag.

"What in the world are you doing?" said I.

"What am I doing! I'm powdering that chap that bit me last night. He'll tell you what I'm doing."

I looked about in vain for that which I had come to fetch, and was on the point of asking him about it when I heard him snarl, —

"There, my boy! How do you like that?" and turning round, he placed upon the shelf beside me the desired cocoa-tin. Poor dear M'Skian! Thoughtless of such a beverage as cocoa, he had been industriously powdering his tormentor with a fortunately unperforated tin of the best Van Houten.

One day he was sorely tempted by a cool couple, who, uninvited, seated themselves upon our logs, and endeavored to coerce us into purchasing a gallon of poteen (produced at a certain illicit still whose locality I am not supposed to know). When we had been sufficiently sounded as to the probable strictness of our views upon the excise question, one of the pair retired into the obscurity of the trees from which they had come, and, on a signal, was presently joined by the other.

We saw them moving to and fro, stooping always, turning over heaps of leaves, and scrutinizing the surface of the ground; and much bewildered were we by those antics. Presently the mystery was explained. They had buried a sample bottle of their tippie, and could not recognize the place. So, at least, they asserted; but my opinion throughout was that the whole performance was a species of incantation intended to weave a romantic spell about the hoped-for order. At all events, the bottle when it was produced, bore anything but a posthumous appearance.

Of course we consented to taste the stuff; and each of us was supplied with a little in the bottom of a pannikin. It was so clear that the white enamel of the cup

shone through it almost colorless. Its sparkle was attractive, its bouquet irreproachable; when we tasted it we opened our eyes, and, like stout Cortez and all his men, —

Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent —

save for an irresistible smack of approval from M'Skian, and an equally uncontrollable gasp of suffocation from myself. I have the misfortune of not appreciating spirituous liquors, and find them peculiarly discomposing when they are seventeen above proof, as this preparation purported to be. Yet the stuff was quaint — something like a blend of eau-de-Cologne and gin — and, but that I knew I should disgrace myself by a second cough, I should have liked to try it again. M'Skian plays the pipes, and can, of course, toss off a glass of absolute alcohol without a tear; so he was willing to trade. But the firm before us did business on wholesale principles only. They would sell us any quantity above a gallon, but none below it; so, as neither M'Skian nor myself has yet reached that stage of chronic insobriety which is said to hang like an hereditary disease above a Scotsman's head, the negotiation came to a close.

On another day our residence was visited by a picnic party, some of whom, being known to us, brought a whole troop of ladies to inspect. M'Skian was still at large; and as I stepped forward to greet this welcome addition to the camp adornments, I could clearly read on all their faces the same mistrust of our domestication that had betrayed itself in the regard of our Sunday visitors. (Nay, my good friends, you must not deny it.) The matron of the party laughingly began to apologize for the supposed intrusion; and I, assuming, as far as I could, the air of a squire of dames, replied, —

"Indeed, madam, you supply all that our encampment lacks" — which being true in a way, and the only "good thing" I ever got off at the right moment, I hope my readers will forgive me for recording it.

This little piece of ganderism put my gay visitant into excellent good-humor; and she began to rally me on various points of our equipment. I pointed to the fireplace and the stick-box, with, I think, pardonable pride; and, M'Skian not being present, the stove-tile was fortunately allowed to rest in fit obscurity. I was, however, in the act of expatiating upon the merits of a piece of brickwork,

when Mrs. D., who did not seem to understand structural science, caught sight of a large cubical mass of the yellow substance known as "soap."

"And, I see, you wash yourselves!" she cried.

I was embarrassed, but stammered out,—

"Why, yes—that is—you see, we don't mean to revert altogether to the original type."

A ripple of general laughter completed my confusion, and Mrs. D. explained,—

"I mean, you wash your clothes yourselves."

"Well, no," I said; "we draw the line at clothes." I racked my brain for something smart about drawing a clothes-line, but was paralyzed by the consciousness of having disgraced myself as a Scotsman, who ought to have known quite well what "washing yourself" meant. For, in the Highlands, a stranger may frequently be startled by the information that "the flesher kills himself" on Mondays and Thursdays; and this, though it sounds like most determined suicide, means merely that the local butcher on those days converts his backyard into a shambles for the purposes of his private trade.

When M'Skian came in I told him about my neat speech, but forgot about the soap.

"Confound it!" said he, "you always have the luck."

"'Confound' is a swear," said I, holding up my hand. In a moment of vexation, M'Skian here made it a shilling's worth; and he had to clap his hand upon his mouth, or verily I believe every penny he possessed would have slipped from between his lips.

But the visitor who chiefly interests us is the man of handiwork, called by us Frederick Gowler—not because that is his name, nor because we have any reason to believe him a mariner of the sea, but because of his rolling walk and various other little assonant ways, said, in the 'Bab Ballads,' to have provoked the mimicry of the natives in Canoodledum.

The first time that this good-natured chap presented himself to me, I happened to be in anything but an amiable temper, and very much upon my dignity; but his complete, simple heartiness, the kindly shrewdness of his eye, and the utter *abandon* of his laughter, fairly took me by storm. Many were the anecdotes he told us of his travels in America and elsewhere. Many were the times when he nearly cast

himself into the fire in the ecstatic wriggle of his joy. And many, many were the sispences I might have won from him if he would but have played our moral game. I never in my life saw a man so thoroughly enjoy a laugh. It was at once a rapture and an agony to look at him. Rapture, because of the sympathetic thrill such merriment awakes; and agony, because of the real anxiety lest he should dislocate something. With a sudden shout he would thrust his hands almost smack through the bottom of his pockets, and convert his face into one yawning gap, which he mercifully hid by throwing his head back till all that could be seen of that useful appendage was his swelling throat and wagging beard. At the same moment he would tie his legs up in a convulsive hitch, with right instep hugging deliriously and deliciously the back of the left calf; and then, with a single twist of marvellous complexity, he would set each particular vertebra and muscle jiggling on its own account. During one moment our hearts stood still, then it was over and we breathed again.

As soon as he had made our acquaintance, he declared that he must put a floor into our tent. That was evidently settled in his mind; and as I saw his eye roaming around for something else to build to, I stated at once that if any platforms, stairs, flagstuffs, or other fabrics were put up, during our tenancy, on the piece of ground bounded by those six beeches there, we should consider their construction as a breach of contract, and immediately go home. This harangue overwhelmed poor Gowler, and in the evening he brought us down a modest tin bath, which we charitably allowed him to leave, but conscientiously returned, under cover of darkness, to the stables, as belonging to that class of articles mutually foresworn as provocative of device. Next morning we arose to find our log-pile heaped with pitch-pine firewood, which he had brought us from the home workshop; and when, in the afternoon, we refused him permission to substitute, for the door on which we slept, an iron bedstead (which, as he explained, could be placed in position by sinking its legs a foot or so into the ground), he shoved his cap back off his brows and scratched his head as he remarked,—

"Weel, you seem to like punishment, you yins."

Next day, while I was rubbing up a canvas at the tent door, he arrived with a regular garden-seat upon his shoulder; and when I looked up, he broke forth,—

"Noo, hold your tongue. Don't you say a word. I'm *goin'* to *give* you a *seat*."

I saw there was no use in resisting; and when he was leaving, I called out, "By the way, the baccy you ordered yesterday at Dunfanaghy has come all right. Thanks for seeing about it."

"What?" snapped he.

"Thank you for seeing about the baccy."

"Oh, d——!" said he, in a tone of despair, as much as to say, You've spoiled everything now. "If I could *do* something, I would," he went on; and then, turning on his heel and leaving me with scorn, "Oh, d—— it!"

He swears a little; but not more, I believe, than is good for a man of his energy. He is, moreover, a truthful man,—a virtue perhaps acquired during his stay in the United States,—and makes no exceptional endeavor to thrust the completely incredible upon his hearers. Indeed, one tale which he related seemed quite within the bounds of possibility. He said that a man who used to live near Kilmacrenan watched, for three days, a fierce but indecisive duel between a weasel and a rat, which daily met at the same spot, and fought till the sun went down. On the fourth day, the weasel was on the scene of action much before his time, and at once proceeded to dig, underneath a neighboring fence, a hole just wide enough to afford a passage to his long, lithe body. The work was completed before the rat arrived; and, soon after the renewal of the combat, the weasel, spent by his labors, showed signs of failing. Suddenly he bolted for his tunnel. The rat pursued, and with difficulty lugged himself some way into the hole; but, to the spectator's astonishment, the weasel bounced out at the opposite end, came back between the bars of the fence, and re-entering the burrow, finished his adversary from behind. There is now, unfortunately, no means of obtaining any voucher for the truth of these statements; for the man at Kilmacrenan died shortly after he had related the anecdote to Gowler,—which, after all, is not to be wondered at.

But, supreme amongst Frederick Gowler's many good qualities is his energy,—a characteristic productive, nathless, of a certain ruthless utilitarianism, which pains one by the way it dashes aside all speculative or subjective questionings, and seizes with unphilosophical directness the crude, practical aspect of a difficulty. Industrious within limits, he has yet been

frequently moved to expostulation by our never-ceasing labors.

"You don't spare yourselves, you yins," said he one evening, when he found us rushing off, after a hurried five-o'clock dinner, to secure a note of some sunset effect. "It's too long hours. It's no good for the work." And so protesting, he was left, we bolting away ahead of him to gain the last of the light.

But he marked our route, and as the dusk was falling, he came past, perhaps to see whether we were really as industrious as appeared. I confess that, as he approached, I dreaded lest he might stand and attempt a conversation at that critical stage; but I misjudged my man.

"Still at it, you see," I remarked, not to be too crusty.

"Ay, ——! you're busy the now. Never mind the now;" and with a wave of the stick in his hand, he sauntered past.

M'Skian told me, as we returned to camp, with a "sunset" and a "moonlight" each, that he had stopped Gowler to ask the name of a certain point.

"Oh! it's called Pol-na-Bocken," said he.

"And what does that mean?" said my Gaelic-loving friend.

"Oh, —— me! I don't know what it means."

"How is it spelt then?"

"Oh, —— my soul! it's easy enough spelt. POL, Pol; na; BOKIN, Bocken;" and feeling that *that* matter was satisfactorily settled, he knocked the head off a thistle and strode away.

But do not suppose that he is made up entirely of strong language and loud laughter—of oaths, and merriment, and shrewdness. The merriest of laughers are often those whose faces most suddenly return to gravity—who have been taught most cruelly how merciful a safeguard merriment supplies. The man or woman who is touched most keenly by a joke, will thrill with greatest pathos at the sufferings of others, or the loss of friends; and, for myself, I should as soon trust Mephistopheles as put any faith in the generosity of a bad laugh. The lines that lend themselves best to the formation of a smile, often have been traced about the lips and brow by bitter grief; and Gowler's eyes, when in repose, most constantly reminded me of the fact. It was therefore only half a surprise that, when he had one day related to me the tale of some wild prank of long ago, he added, as his face grew hard,—

"Ay, but the fun's all out o' me the last five years. I don't believe I've even whistled a tune the last five years. I don't know what done it. Maybe it was the loss o' the son. He died in New York, you know, and I only got there in time to bury him. Maybe it was that. I don't know; but only way"—and he changed the subject.

Fare thee well, honest Gowler! We grieve to part with thee; and if the weather were as good-tempered as thou art, what could man ask better than to live here till the winter comes and turns the stoat's fur white among the ruddy bracken? But it is not so, friend Frederick, it is not so; and we can wait no longer for a change of mood. Soon will the tents come flapping to the ground—the poles disjointed, and the guys up-rolled. Soon will the silence gather all around; nor "Marble Halls" dispel it as of old. Soon will the bagpipes, in a far-off land, scream reel and pibroch till the reed is rent; and mad M'Skian by his native strand, will dive and flounder to his heart's content. Then, dearest Gowler, thou wilt take the bench thou gav'st so brusquely, and thy grief confess, moistening with tears the square deserted trench. Yet—may thy manly laughter ne'er grow less!

F. NOEL PATON.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE SAVILE LETTERS.

1660-1689.

AMONG the statesmen of the Restoration there is no more interesting figure than George Savile, Marquis of Halifax. Friends and foes alike do justice to his splendid gifts, and bear witness to the clear head, the fine wit and fair eloquence of this brilliant and accomplished gentleman. Yet more remarkable in that corrupt age was the independence and high principle, the genuine zeal for the public good, which governed the course of his political life. But the most striking feature about the man, and that which in a special degree fascinates the gaze of posterity, is the peculiar constitution of his mind, the capacity for seeing both sides of a question which distinguished his whole career and which he himself has admirably analyzed in his famous "Character of a Trimmer." At a time when party hate and insolence ran dangerously high and threatened the very existence of the State,

Halifax brought the inestimable value of a calm and philosophic mind to the study of public affairs, and kept himself singularly free from the passion and prejudice which blinded the ablest of his confederates. He looked with serene eye on the turbulent crowd about him, and, forgetting the tumult of the present scene, saw the larger issues of the questions, the great principles that were at stake, the laws which remain "eternally and unalterably true." By these laws he shaped his course, careless of popular clamor and the angry voices around him. Truth—injured, despised, slandered truth—was the divine virtue which inspired him; as he says in that beautiful passage which forms the conclusion of his treatise:—

Our Trimmer adores the goddess Truth: though in all ages she has been scurvily used, as well as those that worshipped her, 'tis of late become such a ruining virtue that mankind seems to be agreed to commend and avoid it. She may be kept under and suppressed, but her dignity still remains with her, even when she is in chains; falsehood with all her impudence has not enough to speak ill of her before her face: such majesty she carries about her that her most prosperous enemies are fain to whisper their treason; all the power upon earth can never extinguish her. In all ages she has lived very retired indeed; nay, sometimes so buried that only some few of the discerning part of mankind could have a glimpse of her. With all that she has eternity in her, she knows not how to die, and from the darkest clouds that shade and cover her, she breaks from time to time with triumph for her friends and terror to her enemies.

The words recall that old picture painted by a Florentine master after a Greek model, in which Truth is represented under the form of a fair woman who, forsaken of all men, turns in silence from her persecutors and lifts her hand to heaven in the calm certainty that there justice reigns and her mute appeal will be heard.

It is true that this speculative and balancing turn of mind made Halifax less successful in circumstances where prompt and decisive action was necessary. He reasoned too long, and weighed probabilities and conflicting causes too nicely, to act with decision and promptitude;

The native hue of resolution
Was sicklied o'er with the pale cast of
thought.

But the very hesitation and capacity for seeing the opposite side of a question made his influence of the utmost value on other occasions. When the constitutional liberties of the nation, or the rights of a

throne, were threatened, when violent measures were moved by a triumphant and blood-thirsty majority, whether in the Lords or the Commons, then the voice of Halifax was always heard on the side of reason and justice; and the silvery sweetness of his eloquent tones made many pause before it was too late. When Stafford was brought to the block by the infuriated Whigs, Halifax boldly recorded his vote in favor of this innocent man; and when the Tories triumphed in their turn and Russell was condemned to die, it was Halifax again who dared to intercede on behalf of his old opponent. And as is generally the case with men whose hearts are large enough to embrace what is good and noble on both sides, his only reward was to find himself equally unpopular with both parties; to be called a Papist and a republican by turns, and accused of plotting against both Whigs and Tories. "So difficult a thing it is," remarked a shrewd contemporary, "to wear both the court and country livery." The verdict of posterity has been given more fairly, and the historian of this age recognizes in the Great Trimmer, whatever were his mistakes and failings, a statesman who beyond doubt deserved well of his country.

It is a matter of sincere regret that so few of the utterances of this distinguished man are left to us. Those speeches which thrilled the Lords by their lucidity and eloquence, which old men remembered as masterpieces of Parliamentary oratory long after the heat of the strife, have perished altogether. Even more to be deplored is the loss of the journal which Halifax compiled in his later years from his own diaries. This document, which would have been of priceless interest, was formerly among the Devonshire Papers, but has unfortunately vanished and hitherto been sought in vain. The small volume of his published writings contains a few political tracts and treatises on general subjects, chief among which are the "Character of a Trimmer," the "Letter to a Dissenter," and the "Advice to a Daughter." And of his vast private correspondence all that remains are some sixty letters which he wrote to his brother Henry Savile, during the seven years between 1679 and 1686, first published by the Camden Society from the manuscripts in possession of the Duke of Devonshire, and a few letters addressed to different correspondents which we find scattered among contemporary records. These last are, however, for the most part brief and unimportant, and it is to the correspon-

dence between the two brothers that we must look for information as to the great statesman's private life and the motives which inspired his public actions at this critical period in his career.

Halifax's own letters are very pleasant reading, written as they are in the same clear and polished style as his published works, and marked by that acute reasoning and genial wit which made him so agreeable a companion. Burnet, who had no love for him, and complained that he went backward and forward and changed sides so often in politics that no one could trust him, describes him as "a man of great and ready wit, full of life, and very pleasant, but much turned to satire. His imagination was too hard for his judgment, and a severe jest took more with him than all argument whatever."

This keen wit of his, as might have been expected, made him many enemies. His playful sallies often vexed graver colleagues, and the freedom with which he expressed his opinions at the council-board alarmed his best friends. "I had a conference with my Lord Halifax on the 3rd of June," observes one of his most constant friends and admirers, Sir John Reresby, governor of York and member for Aldborough, "wherein I observed to him that he was too frank and open with some in business, who were well in the king's favor, and that they generally betrayed him, and desired him to keep himself more to himself if possible. He told me he was very sensible of the truth and importance of what I said, but continued that he could not avoid the freedom I condemned in the course of business, and hoped his integrity would support him." In the same way his love of jesting and habit of letting his wit run on matters of religion earned him the reputation of a confirmed atheist—a serious charge in those days and one which he often denied, although he owned he could not, like some of his friends, "digest iron as an ostrich, or take into his belief things that would burst him."

But with all the sharpness of his tongue no one was more tender-hearted and affectionate to his friends and family, or more compassionate and generous to those who needed his good offices. The delights of friendship were a subject on which he loved to dwell. We know how "perfect and constant a good friend" he proved to his mother-in-law, Lady Sunderland, and remember the profound regard which Lady Russell retained for him to the end of her days. There was a courtly grace

in his manners, a rare gentleness and charm about his nature, which captivated those who knew him intimately, and which even his enemies were forced to acknowledge. "I never knew a man more ready at all times to forgive," writes Reresby, and he goes on to relate how, when he took a gentleman to ask his lordship's pardon for some things he had been reported to have said against him, Halifax met his apology with the remark, "Sir, if you did not say the words I am very glad of it, and even if you did I am glad you find cause to be of another mind." Another characteristic anecdote which the same writer tells is that of the lady who, blaming Halifax for the part he had taken in the Revolution, asked for an interview with him at Reresby's house, and there remonstrated freely with him on his desertion of James the Second. "The truth is, she dealt more roundly with him than anybody else could have ventured to do with so great a man." But the great man, strange as it seemed to Reresby, took it all in good part, and merely observed afterwards that it was but prudence to lend an ear to everybody, a favorite maxim of his, which he repeats more than once in the course of his correspondence.

Henry Savile's own letters form by far the larger portion of the volume published from the Devonshire manuscripts. He himself possessed no mean share of talents, and the zeal and ability with which he acted as envoy at Paris won the approval of all honest men. "Monsieur Savile," it was said of him at the French court, "*fait les affaires de son maître le plus habilement du monde.*" The game was not an easy one to play, for while he represented the English king at Versailles, his bitter enemy, "the little urchin," Barrillon, was holding secret dealings with Charles the Second at Whitehall, and bribing the chief English statesmen to serve his master's interests. On more than one occasion Savile showed that he could be as frank and spirited in the presence of royalty as Halifax himself. "Mr. Savile is sometimes a very impertinent minister," wrote Lady Scroope in 1680 from Paris; and nothing pleased the great statesman more than the tale spread by the town gossips, that the grand monarch himself had given the English envoy a cuff on the ear.

"One piece of intelligence," he writes to Henry Savile, —

I confess I am not a little pleased with, which is, that upon a contest you had with his Christian Majesty (we will suppose it was for

the honor of England, or the advancement of the Protestant religion), he thought fit to give you a cuff on the ear. This was discoursed amongst the most sober newsmongers of St. James's Park as a real truth, and you cannot imagine how such a thing as this advanceth your reputation amongst all true lovers of the gospel. The King of France hath great pleasure to see how all the world trembleth under him, for I suppose it is a satisfaction suitable to his heroic mind; but, for my own particular, was I in his place I could find out a hundred things that would please me more than to keep Flanders and Germany from sleeping for fear of him.

Henry Savile resembled Halifax in his keen sense of humor, and the brothers in their private life make merry over many small events passing around them both in London and Paris. Like him, too, he was a warm and faithful friend, and numbered among his intimate acquaintances and correspondents such different characters as Danby, the lord treasurer (Halifax's great rival), John, Lord Rochester, Algernon Sidney, for whom twice over he obtained leave to return to England, and the gay wit, Harry Killigrew.

His own stoutness is often made a subject of merriment, both with himself and his correspondents. When he hears of his nephew's birth and is told that he is to bear the name of Henry, he wishes with all his heart that the child may prove "as fatt and as fare-like as his namesake;" and twenty years later Halifax, after confessing that he is startled to hear his brother has bought him a work in six volumes, observes that the Spanish proverb is often in his mind, "*Es descredite el mucho,*" but adds that he is tied to no opinion without allowing some exceptions, "especially when your own person is such an instance, that there may be 'a great deal of what is very good.'"

The two brothers were deeply attached to each other. Halifax invariably acted the part of a kind elder brother, helping Savile with advances of money and with abundance of good advice, always pleasantly given; and the younger brother in his turn paid great deference to the elder's opinion, although he never scrupled to tell him his mind frankly upon most subjects. Once only in the entire course of his letters, extending as they do over the whole of the thirty years between the Restoration and the Revolution, do we find him making a complaint against Halifax, and that was when, in 1670, Savile wished to stand for Retford and his brother refused to ask the Duke of Newcastle to nominate him for the vacant seat. Savile, who had

been appointed gentleman-in-waiting to the Duke of York, and whom Clarendon describes at that time as a young man of wit but of incredible presumption, had incurred the king's displeasure by taking his uncle's, Sir William Coventry's, challenge to the Duke of Buckingham, and he writes from Paris, where he had taken refuge, in a tone of some vexation:—

You must give me leave to think that you can do this if you have the will, which I have as great a reason to believe you want as I have to be sensibly troubled at it; and though I know very well my discretion is very justly called in question by my best friends, yet I cannot but a little wonder that those who do so often advise me to apply myself to business should be so unwilling I should appear upon so considerable a stage of it as the House of Commons. Were I capable of recovering my credit so far as that you should think me fit to sit there, I do not think it were a matter of any difficulty to retrieve this whole matter. I crave you a thousand pardons for telling you my mind so freely, but it must out or I must burst; and it being the only act of your life to me that has not savored of the most perfect and most tender kindness, it were a breach of mine not to take notice of it, but that it is with all the submission, all the deference, and all the most perfect kindness that one man is capable of having for another.

He was soon restored to favor and made groom of the chamber to the king; but a year or two later he seems to have been guilty of some more serious indiscretion, for he speaks of having done a very ugly action and promises to reform his ways and govern his future by the advice of his brother and uncle, and pleads that, if the remedy is to consist "in fawning, creeping, and serving on in offices troublesome and servile enough in themselves, however gilded by the fancies of man," he would rather live in a retirement where at least his hours were all his own. If a beggar might choose he would rather find some post abroad. "If I am capable of serving the king at all, I think my small talents will be of most use abroad, where I have spent so much of my life that I shall hardly be an absolute stranger to any place his Majesty may be pleased to send me."

Already it appears he had seen enough of court life and was thoroughly tired of it. Fortunately for him he was elected member for Newark in 1677, and in the following year appointed envoy to Paris. Very humorous is his description of the miseries of a contested election even in those days:—

It were worth giving a year of life that this

insupportable week were past; but what must not younger brothers do in some cases? *Gaudiant bene nati*. The day of election cannot be till Thursday, which is the day I wish for more than a lover ever did for a wedding night, to be at an end of more noise and tumult than ever poor mortal was troubled with. I have been all this day sick to agonies with four days' swallowing more good ale and ill sack than one would have thought a country town could have held; and this worthy employment must be begun again to-morrow, though I burst for it; therefore pray for me and pity me, for I would gladly change my next three days with any slave at Algiers.

All the same he owned he would have broken his heart had he been unsuccessful, and when he was returned as first Burgess of Newark, he did not repent even though the payment was heavy and the seat suited his pride better than his purse. This time Halifax lent his brother all the help in his power, and the newly elected member sent him a list of "various good burghers," including the cooper and pewterer who had, in the court phrase, done him "a great deal of secret good service," begging him to give them the benefit of his patronage and asking him to welcome the aldermen who may come to take the air and pay their duty to him at Rufford.

Many are the allusions in both the brothers' letters to this favorite country home of theirs in the heart of Sherwood Forest. In ancient days a Cistercian monastery, Rufford Abbey, was founded in 1148 by Gilbert of Gaunt, Earl of Lincoln, who granted the land to the colony of monks from Rievaulx. After the dissolution it belonged to the Earl of Shrewsbury, and passed by marriage into the Savile family, whose principal seat it became after the destruction of their ancestral home at Thornhill in Yorkshire during the civil war. The beauty of the spot, surrounded by noble forest scenery, is praised by every visitor from the days of Leland, and the sequestered site of the old abbey, buried in ancient trees, gave the place a special charm in the great statesman's eyes. These "green and shady walks," this "fair, broad lake," these "grassy banks and running streams" were a source of unfailing delight to him. There his heart is always turning in the midst of the cares and worry of public business. "I confess," he writes in the thick of the debates on the Exclusion Bill, "I dream of the country, as men do of small beer when they are in a fever, and at this time poor old Rufford with all its wrinkles hath more charms for me than London can show me."

And again, when his colleague Sunder-land has left town for Althorpe, he sighs to think his small tenement is so remote he cannot divert himself with such short journeys, and begins to fear the summer will pass without his seeing "poor old Rufford." Not even Windsor with all its stately splendor can drive away the remembrance of the old home, and he writes from the former place one summer day, "If I had my choice freely, I should prefer being there before this place with all its glory. There is a certain charm in that which we call our own that maketh us value it above its true price; but I must lye under the mortification of an absent lover, and am not like to give any other expression at present of my kindness to Nottinghamshire." There he loved to escape whenever he could slip away from town, never so happy as when, in the quiet of this beautiful retreat, "forgetting the tumult of angry tongues and heated brains which make London a worse place to sleep in than in a wasp's nest," he could give himself up to the delights of rural enjoyment and of the books and "cutts" which Henry Savile was always collecting for him abroad. His love for Rufford made him take great pleasure in enlarging and adorning the old abbey, and his letters abound in allusions to the improvements on which he is engaged. In January, 1680, he observes that he is eager to be there to see his small works, since as yet he has only had the pleasure of paying the mason's bill. A week later he writes from Rufford as follows:—

I am once more got to my old tenement, which I had not seen since I had given order to renew and repair it. It looketh now somewhat better than when you were last here; and besides the charms of your native soil, it hath something more to recommend itself to your kindness than when it was so mixt with the old ruins of the Abbey that it looked like a medley of superstition and sacrilege, and though I have still left some decay'd part of old building, yet there are none of the rags of Rome remaining. It is now all heresy, which in my mind looketh pretty well, and I have at least as much reverence for it now as I had when it was encumbered with those sanctified ruins. In short, with all the faults that belong to such a misshapen building, patched up at so many times, and notwithstanding the forest hath not its best cloaths at this time of the year, I find something here which pleaseth me, whether it be the general disease of loving home, or whether for the sake of variety, since I have been so long absent to make my own house a new thing to me, or by comparing it to other places where one is less at ease, I will not determine; the best reason I can give

is that I grow every day fitter for a coal fire and country parlor, being come now to the worst part of my elder brotherhood, in having so much a greater share of years than you that it may make amends for the inequality of the division in other respects.

Henry Savile's affection for Rufford, "his mother earth" as he calls the old home, was as great as that of his brother. He is fond of rallying Halifax for spending much so of his time in town instead of living the whole year round in that Paradise of the whole north, if Paradise can be northward, and declares that his own passion for Rufford is far more real. And when he hears that Halifax is there, he can hardly restrain his own envy and longing to share his retreat in that "land of promise" which he "covets more than all the places and dignities any court upon earth can give."

Writings from the French court at St. Germain in January, 1680, he moralizes on the vanity of the courtier's existence and the superior charms of country life:—

I assure you that in this glorious day of this mighty Court I see very few men with whom a wise man could change the twenty-four hours round the year. I do not think you have a much better prospect of your Court, so that with truth as well as with Latin let me conclude, *Beatus ille, qui procul negociis*, etc. Whether I owe this to the shame of having often crossed my own fortune, or to the weariness of not mending it by so long struggling in the world, or whether there may not be somewhat in our blood that affects ease and quiet, I will not determine; but I can answer that all my first morning thoughts are vain wishes to be a country gentleman, for which I see a thousand reasons in both Courts every day of my life.

And when he has been telling his brother the horrible tales of poisonings which have been startling the French court, he adds, "These are strange things to the calm thoughts of a happy man at Rufford. You that are in port pity those that are in storms and would never put to sea again, if once well on shore." But there is scarcely a letter in which he forgets to talk of Rufford, or to send a greeting to the well-loved place. He hopes the fine green coat Rufford wears will not be scorched and sullied by the summer sun before he can escape from Whitehall, and his brother in return tells him old Rufford will not fail to put on her very best looks to receive him.

Many are the pleasant pictures which young Henry Savile gives in his early letters of the family circle at Rufford,

where his brother, as yet plain Sir George, was living with his young wife, Lady Dorothy, the daughter of Sunderland and Sacharissa, and their little chits. The first of his letters are written from France and Spain during his travels with his sister-in-law's brother, Robert Lord Sunderland, and her uncle Henry Sidney, who were about his own age; and both then and afterwards he frequently addresses his letters to Lady Dorothy herself, and once or twice to her mother Lady Sunderland, who was at that time a frequent visitor at Rufford, and in after years retained so tender a recollection of the "sweet spot."

We see from these letters how careful and loving a father Halifax proved to his children, and how much their mother's early death in 1670 increased his anxiety on their account. Much of his correspondence with Henry Savile at one time relates to his sons whom he had sent with a tutor to be educated at Geneva; and when the eldest, Henry, Lord Eland, then a youth of nineteen, was sent to pay his uncle a visit at Paris, after laying down all manner of rules for the young man's guidance, he adds: "I think him so capable of succeeding well in the world that it is a pity he should miscarry by a wrong setting out at first; therefore pray let us have a care of his launching, for there is the greatest danger for young men of this age."

Unfortunately the fears were but too well founded, and this youth, who was sincerely attached to his uncle, and whose great promise gave both Henry Savile and Algernon Sidney "an extraordinary good opinion of his character and talents," turned out a profligate and spendthrift, who incurred his father's grave displeasure, ill-treated his French wife, and drank himself into an early grave. The youngest son, George, died in the same year of a wound received two years before at the siege of Buda, but William, the second and only surviving son, lived to console his father for these losses and disappointments, and justify the good opinions which his uncle had early formed of his excellent character.

Their sister, Lady Anne, the "dear Nan" of Lady Sunderland's letters, to whom Henry Savile in his turn often alludes, was married at the age of nineteen to John, Lord Vaughan, brother-in-law to Halifax's honored friend Lady Russell. For this beloved child, "the chief object of his care as well as of his kindness," Halifax wrote the "Advice to

a Daughter," shortly after her mother's death, and while little Nan was "still playing full of innocence." This treatise, which ran rapidly through sixteen editions and was translated into French and Italian, is marked by all the great statesman's sagacity and prudence, and the counsels of worldly wisdom are curiously blended with maxims of earnest piety. Very graceful and charming is the concluding passage:—

May you, my Dear Child, be blessed with a husband and with children that may inherit your virtues, that you may shine in the world by a true light and silence envy by deserving to be esteemed. May you so raise your character that you may help to make the next age a better thing, and leave posterity in your debt for the advantage it shall receive by your example. Let me conjure you, my Dearest, to comply with this kind ambition of a father, whose thoughts are so engaged in your behalf that he reckoneth your happiness to be the greatest part of his own.

In August, 1678, Henry Savile went to Paris as envoy extraordinary, and the following year was appointed to succeed Lord Sunderland as the chief representative of England at the court of Versailles. His letters during the four years of his residence at Paris in this capacity abound in interesting details of public affairs at the court of the grand monarch, and reveal the intrigues by which Lewis the Fourteenth strove to accomplish his ambitious designs. One of Henry Savile's most laudable actions was his persistent endeavors to help the distressed Huguenots, whom the French clergy urged the king to persecute in revenge for the cruel treatment received by the Catholics in England. He did all in his power to ensure a friendly reception for them in England, where he saw they were ready to go in such vast numbers as he felt sure would prove of great advantage to this country. Halifax warmly supported his brother in these measures, observing that those who did not give French Protestants a kind welcome out of zeal for religion, might have "wit enough to do it for the increase in our trade," smiling to himself all the while at the thought that such advice should proceed from one who was reviled at home as a Papist and a pensioner of the French king. As for Henry Savile, his zeal in the Protestant cause was a marvel to himself. He attended the Protestant service at Charenton twice every Sunday, and was quite touched at the kindness with which the poor people took this "small countenancing." Lord

Rochester and his old companions seem to have been highly amused at their friend's appearance in this new character. Even Halifax reaped the benefit of this act of devotion, and declared that he owed his credit with the French Protestants entirely to his brother, whose zeal was so notorious that it threw a lustre on all his poor relations. "It is enough to be akin to a man that goeth twice a day to Charonton." In fact such a pillar of the community had he become, that very grave women applied to him to recommend Protestant governesses and servants to his friends in England. In one letter he goes into minute details as to the looks, education, and merits of a well-bred young person, whom he thinks would be a very proper nursery governess for little Lady Betty, Halifax's only child by his second marriage, who would by this means acquire the French language, which her sister Nan had, it appears, always refused to learn. Another time he has made friends with Madame de Gouvernette, a lady of ancient family and most plentiful fortune, who has a very pretty daughter, Esther, as modestly bred as he has ever seen one, with a dowry of two hundred thousand crowns. So desirable a match in his eyes did this young lady seem that he proposed her as a fitting bride for the "dolphin of Rufford," as he styles his nephew Harry. But Halifax declined the proposal, not relishing the idea of a foreign alliance, saying times were too uncertain and the sky too changeable to encourage early marriages, unless indeed Harry should show a decided liking for the young person, in which case his opinion might alter. Four years later, however, Mademoiselle de Gouvernette, after being talked of as a suitable match for Lord Spencer, Sunderland's son, and for my Lord of Dorset, became Lord Eland's wife, and by all accounts seems to have deserved a better fate.

Meanwhile the fall of Danby had brought Halifax back to the helm of State, and in May, 1679, Henry Savile wishes his brother joy at his return to power, an event which scarcely afforded the new minister as lively a satisfaction as it did his friends, for the situation was a critical one, how much so no one knew better than Halifax himself: "We are here every day upon high points; God send us once an end of them! Impeachments of ministers are the only things our thoughts are employed about, and I that have dreamt this half-year of the silence and retirement of old Rufford, find myself

engaged in an active and an angry world, and must rather take my part in it with grief, than avoid it with a scandal."

The dissolution of Parliament that summer and the king's illness did not brighten the prospect, and by the end of the year Halifax, who had been ailing himself, was so disgusted with the king's fickle temper and so weary of politics and talking knaves, as well as of the influence which the Duchess of Portsmouth exercised over affairs, that he retired to Rufford for the whole of that spring and summer. The entreaty of his friends, we know from Lady Sunderland's letters, could not induce him to return to town, and his only regret was that Henry Savile could not spare time to join him at Rufford. The disappointment, he wrote, was a grievous one to him, having so many things to tell his brother. "Poor old Rufford, too, mourneth that she cannot see you now she hath, too, her best cloaths on; she hath little to brag of, but yet she sayeth her flies are harmless and the air is clear; and if it was possible for a statesman to love ease, and quiet, and silence, you would rather enjoy them with bilberries than eat melons in the crowd and dust of a wandering court."

At length in September Lord Halifax came to town, and the sight of his coach in the street was hailed with pleasure by his friends and talked of by all the gossips as a wonderful piece of news. Two months later came the debates on the Exclusion Bill, when Halifax, abandoned by the treacherous Sunderland, alone dared to raise his voice against the popular clamor, and by his single efforts, "so all confessed," persuaded the Lords to throw out the bill. The day following that last debate, when his eloquence rose to the heights which made all men marvel, and he "did out-do himself and every one," he found time to send his brother a few lines which showed how clearly he had calculated the probable consequences of this action: "Our world here is so heated that you must not be surprised though you should hear I am in the disfavor of those from whom I never yet deserved ill; if innocence can be protection you need never be in pain."

The storm he had prophesied was soon to burst. A few days afterwards the angry Commons addressed a petition to the king, praying for my Lord Halifax's removal from his Majesty's Council as a favorer of Popery. Halifax, as was his wont, took it calmly and did not stir an inch from his position. Neither threats.

nor promises should hinder him from defending the right; he would speak his mind, and not be hanged as long as there was law in England. When Lady Sunderland and his friends marvelled at his intrepid conduct, while Reresby and a little knot of admirers looked on him as the hero of the town, he was moralizing to his brother in his favorite fashion : —

You will before this have one of mine, which giveth you some account of my late preference in the House of Commons, who were pleased to make me a man of more importance than I am, the better to entitle me to the honor of being addressed against. I am not worth the notice they have been pleased to take of me, and I do not doubt of outliving the disadvantage this may seem to throw upon me, being resolved to give such evidence of myself, if I should continue to have any part in the public business, as shall cure the suspicions men have taken of me in a heat, for differing with them in some of their darling points, to which they are at present so wedded that no reason can be admitted in contradiction to them. Your kindness maketh this appear a heavier thing than either it is in itself, or than I apprehend it; the circumstances that attended it are more than the thing itself, and yet I have borne it without much disquiet. I must only cast about for a new set of friends, for my old ones have been so zealous for the public that some of them thought it as meritorious to persecute me as others believed it excusable to desert me. The history of it I reserve till I see you, and in the mean time, whatever may be said from any other hand to lay any blame upon me, let it not find any great credit with you, for I dare undertake when you hear, you shall not need to make use of any partiality to incline you to judge of my side.

And when Henry Savile wrote back in hot haste to express his concern on his brother's account, and his indignation at the malice of his opponents, Halifax replied : —

I like kindness best when it is in so plain a dress and to be told by a brother and, which is more, by a friend, what the world sayeth or thinketh of me; though in their censures of me they may be mistaken, yet I cannot be so in judging your part to proceed only from true and perfect kindness, which I assure you is not thrown away upon me. Your opinion that I am in the right may be too partial, but that I think myself so, you may undertake for me. . . . You will, I am sure, give me some kind of credit when I tell you I am not such a volunteer in philosophy as to provoke such a storm as hath fallen upon me, from a mistaken principle of bravery, to do a thing only because it is dangerous; but when upon inquiry I think myself in the right, I confess I have an obstinate kind of morality, which I hope may make amends for my want of devotion.

It seems the foreign ministers have had my picture, drawn by their correspondents, not very much to my advantage. I guess who were the painters, and think I am not mistaken in it. Where all this will end, either in relation to myself or to the public, God in heaven only knoweth. I am at this hour threatened with more thunder from the House of Commons to-morrow. Whether it will be so or in what manner I do not yet know, but where there is private anger there is reason to expect the worst, for which I have recourse still to my small philosophy, and have not only the comfort of innocence to support me, but the impossibility of avoiding any strokes of this kind without such incencencies (to give no worse term) as I can never digest; and though I agree with you this is not an age for a man to follow the strict morality of better times, yet sure mankind is not yet so debased but that there will ever be found some few men who will scorn to join in concert with the public voice, when it is not well grounded; and even the popular fury which may now blow in my face will perhaps with a little patience not only abate, but turn against these very men that now appear against me.

The thunder of the Commons resulted in another vote praying the king to remove Halifax and other privy councillors who had supported him, upon which Charles replied by dissolving Parliament, against the advice of Halifax, although, as he expected, the step was ascribed to his influence. He had, as he very well knew, further incensed the popular party by giving his vote against the condemnation of Lord Stafford, who was beheaded on Tower Hill on December 29th. Even Henry Savile seems to have been so far carried away by the heat and prejudices of the Protestant party as to regret this noble action on his brother's part, and in the next letter Halifax observes : —

If I could talk with you, I should have little doubt of convincing you in the matter of my Lord of Stafford, in which you are possessed I see by the powerful majority, which is not at all times found to be in the right. A man must never hope a pardon for small sins if he will digest great ones, and where blood is in the case there is not, or at least ought not to be, any room for prudence. That an honest man is a very scurvy calling I agree with you, but having used it so long I do not know how to change, but must be content to keep to it with all its hazards and inconveniences.

Henry Savile seems to have been less high-minded, for a day or two later the Great Trimmer, faithful to his love of truth and justice, wrote again : —

Your kind repeated earnestness to rescue me from the dangers you apprehend I am in from the general anger that hath of late been

raised against me, coming from the warmth of your heart, as I am sure it doth, is a welcome though an unnecessary evidence of your mind towards me, and though I cannot absolutely agree to your prescriptions of a lesser morality in things that relate to the publick, yet I am enough convinced, and was so before my late experience, that there is a good deal of hazard in opposing the torrent of the House of Commons; but on the other side, it being the only definition of an honest man to be a lover of justice with all its inconveniences, I do not very well know how things of this kind are to be avoided, but by such means as would lie heavier upon me than all the votes or addresses an angry Parliament can throw upon me.

The following week he wrote still in the same strain from his beloved Rufford, where he was free to take shelter now that Parliament was dissolved:—

Things of this kind appear much greater to you at a distance than they do to us upon the place, and it looked much worse to you out of a very obliging reason to me, which was your being so kindly concerned for me. I think I am not mistaken when I tell you the greatest part of them are far from being proud of what they have done as to my particular; for where a thing wanteth a true foundation in justice it cannot be long-lived, let the authority be never so great that would give it countenance. I am now at Old Rufford, where the quiet I enjoy is so pleasant, after the late hurricane I have escaped from in town, that I think myself in a new world, and if wishes were not vain things and resolutions little better in so uncertain an age as this, I would neither intend nor desire anything but what I have here—silence and retreat; but if the Parliament sitteth at Oxford I am under the obligation of venturing once more to run the gauntlet. . . . How far your Charenton prayers will prevail for a man that is voted a promoter of Popery I do not know, but I would not discourage your devotion, let it be never so much misapplied.

But the violence of the storm was spent, and the tide was already on the turn. The Parliament which met at Oxford was dissolved after a week's sitting, and Halifax found himself relieved from his worst fears, and only grieved to be kept in town and lose the joy of being in the country when the rain had made it so delicious. His influence was greater at court than it had ever been, and new honors were heaped upon him. The following year he was created a marquis, and Henry Savile was recalled from Paris to receive a more lucrative post, which he had long coveted, in the new Commission of Admiralty. Henceforth his letters are few and far between, and only one or two of his

brother's belonging to those later years have been preserved. These relate chiefly to family matters, the death of Sir William Coventry, the marriage and misconduct of Lord Eland, whom Halifax treated with what Savile held to be undue severity, the prospects of his second son William, and the wound which George, the third and youngest of the family, received in the siege of Buda. We hear little of politics, and nothing of the part which Halifax played in the Tory reaction which followed, of his vain efforts to save Russell and Sidney, of his courage in exposing Rochester's misuse of public money, or of his firmness in resisting the repeal of the Test Act and of the Habeas Corpus, which ended in his resigning office in 1685. We know that he did not abandon James until his flight, as he told his faithful follower, Sir John Reresby, that he held it to be the duty of Englishmen to support the new government, since under present circumstances the *salus populi* must be the *lex suprema*. Henry Savile had been appointed vice-chamberlain by James, and held office until March, 1687, when serious illness obliged him to resign, and his last letter is written from Calais, in September, 1689, when he was on his way to undergo a surgical operation in Paris. His good spirits did not fail him even then; he was still gay Harry Savile, the flower of courtesy and most genial of companions. He sends compliments to his nieces, Lady Betty and Lady Eland, whose affairs he still took under his special protection; gives advice, not always, it may be, the best in the world, to his young nephews, and is still genuinely attached to his brother. Whether in his lodgings at Whitehall, or at Tunbridge Wells drinking the waters, in whose healing powers Halifax puts so little faith, he is still unchanged in his love for Rufford, and his wish to end his days in a farmhouse there rather than in the finest palace in smoky London. There is a touch of pathos in the letter which he writes from his sickbed to his old friend Harry Killigrew, beginning with these words: "Noble Henry, sweet namesake of mine, happy-humored Killigrew, soul of mirth and all delight! the very sight of your letter gave me a kind of joy that I thought had been at such a distance that she and I were never more to meet. . . . Once I could drink, talk strangely, and be as mad as the best of you, my boys; who knows but I may come to it again?"

One more letter of the Great Trimmer's still remains. It is that which he ad-

dressed in July, 1689, to his old friend Rachel, Lady Russell, in reply to her condolences upon the loss of his two sons, Lord Eland and Lord George, who had both died in the same year. It was a bitter moment in his life, for, besides these family sorrows, he was once again experiencing the fickleness of popular favor, and the ingratitude of the triumphant Whigs. During that very month a fierce attack had been made upon him in the House of Lords, and a week afterwards a resolution, advising his removal from office, was moved by the Commons, and only negatived by a small majority, chiefly owing to Halifax's remaining son William, who told the accusers boldly that his father cared nothing for dismissal from court and challenged them to say he was guilty if they dared. No wonder that Halifax felt sick at heart as he wrote the following brief and mournful lines to the widow of the Whig lord he had vainly tried to save.

MADAM, — I must own that my reason is not strong enough to bear with indifference the losses that have lately happened to my family; but at the same time I must acknowledge I am not a little surprised by your ladyship's favor to me in the obliging remembrance I have received from you, and in your condoling the affliction of the man in the world that is most devoted to you. I am impatient till I have an hour's conversation with your ladyship, to ease my mind of the just complaints I have, that such returns are made to the zeal I have endeavored to express in my small capacity for the good of England. I cannot but think it the fantastical of my ill stars, very peculiar to myself, all circumstances considered; but whilst I am under the protection of your ladyship's better opinion, the malice and mistakes of others can never have the force so much as to discompose, Madam,

Your ladyship's most obedient servant,
HALIFAX.

To this Lady Russell replied in a beautiful and well-known letter, begging her noble friend who had stood by her in her darkest hour, to look for consolation to that Christian religion which had been her best support, and which he would find to be a cause of truer joy than all those temporal glories of which he had enjoyed so large a share.

Yet, such was the rashness and violence of the Parliament then sitting, that before the year was over the great man whom she addressed in terms of such deep and enduring gratitude was accused before a committee of the House of Commons of being implicated in the murder of Lord

Russell. Once more he came off victorious, and was honorably acquitted from all share in the deed, Dr. Tillotson himself bearing witness that he had been charged by Lord Russell to convey his dying thanks to Lord Halifax for his kindness and compassion. But public life had lost its charm for him, and a few months later he laid down the privy seal and retired to Rufford to enjoy the repose of that calm haven which the poet Dryden congratulates him on having at length reached after the trials of his long and glorious life.

On two memorable occasions after that he spoke with his old eloquence in the House of Lords; once to strengthen the hands of the government in dealing with the laws for regulating trials for high treason, and the other time to defend the liberty of the press by protesting against the appointment of a public censor. Two years later, on April 2nd, 1695, he died after a few hours' illness on the very day of his son William's second marriage to his old friend Lord Nottingham's daughter. When told of his approaching end, he refused with characteristic kindness to allow his son to be summoned, and met death with the calmness and courage he had shown in all the great crises of his life. For, as he wrote to Henry Savile long years before, when he heard rumors of poisoning at the French court: "It is a misfortune to great people that they must be tempted to think death a worse thing than it is, by the weight their friends put upon it, either out of kindness or ostentation; and as their physicians must not let them die without pain, so their friends will not let them leave the world without making them be troubled at it. Well fare the skilful poisoners you speak of, that make an easy and a short passage into the other world!"

On his death-bed Halifax gave strict orders that his funeral should be private, and accordingly he was buried without pomp or ceremony in Westminster Abbey, in the north aisle of the Chapel of Henry the Seventh, where a monument adorned with his bust marks the last resting-place of the Great Trimmer. His son and successor died without an heir in 1700, and his brother before that year, so that no Savile was left to bear the title which he had made illustrious. But his blood still flows in the veins of the Cavendishes, and a large share of his wit and genius descended through his daughter Lady Betty to her son Philip Stanhope, the fourth Lord Chesterfield.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE AUSTRALIAN DINGO AT HOME.

AMONG the strange animals produced by Australia — its kangaroos, varying in size from six feet in height when fully erect to that of a diminutive mouse; its pigmy geese, which perch upon the tops of high trees; its gigantic kingfishers; its mewing cat fishes, and its egg-laying platypus and ant-eater — the country brings forth another animal which has puzzled naturalists almost as much as any of the foregoing, by reason of its singular association with its marsupial companions — the dingo, or native Australian wolf. The only four-footed creature on that vast continent which does not either carry its immature young in a pouch or rear them from eggs, it seems totally out of place among the strange forms by which it is surrounded. It is as truly a wolf as any that ranges the Black Forest or hunts the wapiti in North America; a fleet and powerful animal, which makes an easy prey of the defenceless kangaroos, but never in any circumstances attacks man.

How did this "dog" manage to obtain a footing in Australia? Is it the descendant of domestic dogs accidentally left on shore by early European navigators? Was it brought into the island by the present aborigines; or is it a truly indigenous animal, a genuine member of the fauna from which it differs so essentially? These are the questions naturalists have been asking themselves ever since the animal became known; and there is no immediate prospect that a direct answer will be found, although we can approach very near to the truth by inferences from all the circumstances. The theory of the dingo's possible descent from any domestic variety introduced by early discoverers may easily be disposed of. No captain of a ship would be likely to leave his dog, the pet of the ship, on an island which he had just discovered. The first settlers of course took their dogs with them; but they found, to their cost, as soon as they turned out sheep on the Australian pastures, that the dingoes were already numerous, and to be met with everywhere — from Port Jackson to Port Philip, a distance of some four hundred miles; and when the coast was further explored at various points, extending over at least seven thousand miles, there was the ubiquitous dingo.

The country has been known only about a hundred years. It is incredible, then, that any dog introduced by white men could within that period have spread far and wide over a territory some two-thirds

the extent of Europe, and have penetrated to the remote interior. In whatever direction the sheep-farmer advances, and however far back into the bush he takes his flocks — even to six hundred miles from the coast — he is certain to find this enemy ready to attack the fleecy strangers at all times of the day or night.

From all the circumstances, we are driven to the most probable conclusion that this dog was either imported at a very remote period by the aborigines, possibly from New Guinea, where it is also found, or that it is a remnant of a still more remote era when Australia and Asia were part of one continuous land surface.

The dingo is a distinctly handsome animal, of sable color, the tail, which is frequently full and bushy, being always tipped for about three inches with white; while the chest has a white patch about the size of a man's hand. The weight of a fine dog will reach sixty pounds. The head is rounder and broader than that of the ordinary wolf, and the muzzle relatively shorter. Black specimens are occasionally met with; but these are merely instances of *melanism*, of the same character as the black rabbits sometimes seen in an English wood, and do not constitute a different species. Visitors to the London Zoological Gardens during the past seven years will perhaps have noticed a pair in the cage adjoining that of the Asiatic wolves. These were genuine wild dingoes, caught in Australia, though not very fine specimens to the eye of one accustomed to those to be found on the wooded broken country about the Maranoa and Warrego rivers in Queensland. All the wild dogs of the world breed more or less frequently in captivity, and the dingo is no exception. The writer remembers a litter of pups in the Zoological Gardens about four years ago, one of which, curiously enough, was black and white, a mixture quite unknown in the wild state. While these pups allowed themselves to be handled freely by strangers, and behaved very much in the manner we are accustomed to expect in the young of our domestic dogs, the mother retired shyly into a corner. It would seem, then, that as soon as they became acquainted with human beings they showed that disposition to make themselves familiar which has rendered the dog the friend of man in every part of the world.

Dingoes have often been exhibited at English dog-shows. We were invited on one occasion to inspect the kennels of an

exhibitor, Mr. W. K. Taunton, well known for his interest in foreign breeds, who somewhat to our temporary consternation, suddenly opened a door, whence an animal, easily recognized at the first glance as a dingo, dashed into the yard and bounded towards us. After a critical examination of our trousers with his nose, that no doubt assured him in some mysterious manner of the respectability of his visitors, he paid us the compliment of mumbling our hands in his mouth rather roughly but playfully, and in various canine ways showed his satisfaction with his new acquaintances; though he had not many months previously been running wild in the Australian bush and regarding man as his deadliest enemy. This was one of the very finest specimens we ever saw, and as a matter of course "Captain Burton" carried off all the prizes in his class wherever he went.

The female dingo takes much pains to bring up her family in a safe retreat. This is sometimes selected among broken masses of rock upon the side of a hill; but in the vast stretches of heavily timbered country, where no such shelter can be obtained, she must put up with a hollow log. Many of the fallen trees have been blown down by hurricanes, or have died of old age as they stand, when colonies of white ants attack the roots; and the trunks having no longer any hold on the earth, necessarily fall. In process of time the white ants gradually destroy the whole of the inner wood, which crumbles to a powder easily scraped out by an animal. In the pipe thus formed the dingo finds a suitable nesting-place. When out on the run one day with our flock, the sheep-dog attracted attention to a hollow log by his energetic demonstrations; and on the following morning we cut a hole some ten or twelve feet from the open end, and cautiously inserted our arm up to the shoulder, when a good deal of snarling and snapping and the feel of a furry coat betrayed the presence of a litter of four dingo pups, which were abstracted, and promptly despatched in the interests of the sheep. The young are singularly unlike their parents, of a sooty brown color, and entirely devoid of the white tip to the tail and white chest-mark which come after the change of the juvenile coat. In the far "back bush" young dingoes may often be seen in the camps of the blacks. It is a remarkable fact that these perfectly wild dogs take to their human masters and join in their hunting expeditions, and never, if the assertions

of the blacks are to be trusted, show any disposition to return to the wild condition — so great is the influence of man over the inferior creation, even when he is represented by such poor specimens of humanity as these Australian savages.

The natural food of the dingo is, of course, any animal he can catch, the smaller kangaroos and bandicoots especially; but he prefers lamb to any other food, as the squatters know only too well, though mutton in any shape is always welcome. Wherever dingoes abound, as they do in the forest country, the utmost watchfulness of the shepherd is needed. In the daytime he must be constantly on the alert to see that the enemy does not suddenly rush in among the flock and cut off a "point," that is to say, a party of a dozen or a score, and send the remainder off helter-skelter for a mile before they will stop. The reader will bear in mind that the country is totally different from that on which sheep graze in this part of the world, or any other except Australia. Generally speaking, the shepherd has under his charge a flock of more than a thousand active sheep, feeding in a forest of heavy timber, the ground covered with grass and undergrowth, where, at times, he can keep but a small proportion of his charges under view. The dingo has thus many opportunities for sneaking up and making a rush at the defenceless sheep, even when a good dog is on the watch. If the enemy succeeds in his attack, a number of sheep will probably be lost, driven from their companions and scattered in all directions, to become the easy prey of the dingoes for miles round about; while the remainder of the flock are nervous, suspicious, and difficult to manage for some days afterwards. One instance will suffice to show the destructive propensities of these animals. A shepherd came in to the head station one afternoon from his hut, distant some four miles, to report the loss of about a hundred sheep, which had been cut off from his flock by two or three dingoes. Men and dogs immediately started in pursuit, and the missing ones were found towards evening in a sad plight. The dingoes with their invariable cunning had rushed the stupid creatures up to the bank of a creek, or small deep stream, and had amused themselves by racing round them, biting through their hind legs, and literally in some instances tearing the flesh off their hind-quarters. Many were quite dead, many fatally injured, and at least half of the number had been snapped here

and there by the cruel jaws of their assailants. Patches of bloody wool lay about in every direction; and so utterly stupefied with fear were the miserable wretches, that they remained jammed in a compact mass until dragged away one by one and committed to the care of the dogs. All this havoc had been wrought in a short time by two or certainly not more than three of the savage marauders.

At night the shepherd's anxiety may be even greater than in the daytime. His hut is close to the sheep-yard—a circular enclosure of stakes driven into the earth, and strongly bound together with rails and interlaced saplings. Suddenly he may be awakened by an ominous sound like distant thunder—the sheep rushing round inside the yard. Outside for certain there is a dingo, or perhaps two, galloping round, in the hope of so frightening the sheep that they may break out of the yard, when nothing would prevent them from dispersing in all directions. For some reason, the dingoes seem reluctant to jump into the enclosure, which they could do with the greatest ease. There is little doubt that, but for the prompt interference of the shepherd, these constant rushes of the sheep—the weight of hundreds pressing against a weak part of the fence—would have the desired effect. A breach once made, the sheep would pour through it into the jaws of their expectant foes.

In every shepherd's possession will be found a small bottle of strychnine. When a sheep dies anywhere, in the yard or out on the run, it is his duty to skin it, hang up the pelt on the fence, or carry it home with him, make several shallow cuts in the body, and with the point of his knife drop into each a grain or so of the deadly poison, for the benefit of the dingoes. The sheep-dogs are taught never to touch these carcasses; but occasionally they do fall victims to the bait intended for their wild relations. Advantage is taken of a habit of the dingo to compass his destruction thus: he seems very fond of following a man, especially on foot, and still more so the ration-carrier when taking round a packhorse laden with salt beef and groceries for the shepherds. He keeps at a respectful distance, perhaps on the chance of picking up anything that may be dropped. Much to his satisfaction, he finds a nice piece of fresh beef or mutton just enough to be swallowed at one gulp. In the middle of that *bonne bouche* is a grain of strychnine, and within half an hour he is the best of all dingoes—a

dead dingo. The ration-carrier has a canvas bag full of such tempting morsels, which it is hoped will settle accounts with some old offender against the peace of the flock.

In its native state the dingo never barks, but utters a prolonged mournful howl, exactly like that of a domestic dog when he "bays the moon." The howl is the vocal expression all over the world of the wolf's feelings, barking being an acquirement developed only in human society. The keeper at the Zoological Gardens told us, however, that both the dingoes there, brought from widely distant parts of Australia, learned to bark in a very short time after their arrival—he thought from a pair of half-bred Eskimo and Newfoundland dogs in the adjoining kennel.

Fortunately, the dingoes, even where numerous, do not hunt in any considerable packs, four or five being rarely seen in company; otherwise, they would have made the rapid pastoral occupation of Australia impossible. On dark, sultry nights they prowl close to station buildings, on the lookout for anything that may be snapped up. A party of us, sitting on the verandah to catch whatever air might be stirring one of these oppressive nights, heard at intervals the howls and snarlings of two or three dingoes about the open space in front of the house. Domestic dogs are always inimical to their wild brethren; and our little black and tan terrier felt himself capable of doughty deeds on this particular occasion, if his haughty spirit may be measured by his furious excursions into the darkness and his challenges to the enemy at the top of his high-pitched voice. Jock had returned several times to the verandah well satisfied with the results of his prowess, for had he not struck terror into the breasts of the enemy. That occasional growl as he lay between us betokened his perception of stealthy footsteps wholly inaudible to us, and with a shrill yell he once more dashed out into the darkness. Suddenly the sharp barking ended in a stifled cry, and silence reigned supreme for the rest of the evening. We turned into our blankets with sad hearts, for there could be no doubt that the gallant little fellow had been snapped up and eaten by the dingoes.

Whatever the reason may be, some dingoes will not take poisoned baits. It seems impossible that they can detect the strychnine by smell—at least it has no odor for us—but should ever so small a portion be on the outside of the meat, its

intensely bitter taste would be likely to make the animal drop it instantly. Once it is swallowed, its effect is certain; for this poison, unlike many others, never causes even the sensitive stomach of the dog to reject it by vomiting. In some districts where there is no natural permanent water supply, the sheep are watered at small ponds filled from wells sunk in the earth. In the hot season, one of these ponds is poisoned, all the others being watched day and night to prevent the dingoes from visiting them. No one goes near the poisoned pond, so that at last the animals, impelled by thirst, are driven to drink the fatal water. Like all wild dogs, they are exceedingly difficult to trap or snare. It is an axiom with them that everything which has been touched by the hand of man should be regarded with suspicion.

Although they make most havoc among the young lambs, lying in wait to snap up the unsuspecting friskers from the very sides of their mothers, newly born calves sometimes fall victims to the rapacity of the dingoes. They never venture to make any attack while the cow is present; but when she goes off to slake her burning thirst at the nearest water, leaving her helpless offspring for a few minutes, they pounce upon the weakly calf, and tearing out its entrails, snatch a hasty meal before she returns to find the object of her affection past all maternal solicitude.

Recent accounts from the Darling River district show that the dingoes, finding such an abundance of easily procured food in the rabbits, have again begun to increase in numbers. One unfortunate sheep-farmer has had all the lambs but one from two hundred stud ewes destroyed by the pests; and many others have suffered in proportion.

We will conclude this paper by giving an instance of the sagacity displayed by dingoes in hunting their natural prey. The writer, accompanied by one of the stockmen on a large cattle-run in the Warrego district, went to hunt up some stray horses among the broken ranges: and in order to be on the safe side, two days' rations of salt-beef and "damper" with the inevitable tea and sugar were provided. We had just rolled up our blankets, after camping out, preparatory to making up the fire and putting the billies on to boil, when we heard the heavy thud of a kangaroo leaping rapidly in a neighboring scrub. "It was the work of a moment," as the old-fashioned novelists used to say, to get out our revolvers on the chance of

a shot; but we paused to watch an interesting sight. A dingo was stealing swiftly along the edge of the scrub, parallel to the course of the kangaroo, and in ordinary circumstances a leaden messenger would have been promptly sent after him, with all the more probability of stopping him, as he paused occasionally to listen; but possible kangaroo steak was just then uppermost in our minds. In a minute or two the kangaroo suddenly broke for the open country, and the dingo, for whom he was evidently unprepared, made a splendid dash and pinned the marsupial by the shoulder. Almost instantly afterwards, a second dingo, which had no doubt been driving the game towards his companion, rushed out of the scrub and took the kangaroo on the opposite side. In spite of the poor beast's violent bounds hither and thither, he soon rolled over, and in an astonishingly short time the dingoes had put an end to his struggles. "A fresh feed for certain now," whispered the stockman, and we began crawling on our hands and knees towards the spot, about a hundred yards away, for a shot at the dingoes, which had been too much occupied in the excitement of the chase to notice us. The slightest noise, the chance breaking of a dead twig, or perhaps the motion of a tall blade of grass, sufficed to alarm them, and though the revolver bullets cut up the earth close to them, both went away unscathed. The kangaroo was quite dead. How they had mauled him in those two or three minutes! His chest was torn open under the foreleg, and his neck bitten through and through. These wild dogs seem to know instinctively where the great arteries are situated, and, unlike our domestic hounds, understand perfectly well how to kill a kangaroo without incurring the risk of a fatal stroke from its powerful hind legs, armed with those formidable chisel-like nails. Some fresh-cut steaks off the loin put us in good trim for the day's work.

From Good Words.

BISHOP KEN.

BY FREDERIC W. FARRAR, D.D., ARCHDEACON
AND CANON OF WESTMINSTER, ETC.

A CHURCH and a nation can never afford to lose "the *viaticum* of great examples." The goodness of men and of communities is supported by the contemplation of those who have lived bravely and self-denyingly, and who, like the great

prophet of the wilderness, have made it their duty "constantly to speak the truth, boldly rebuke vice, and patiently suffer for the truth's sake." The world often seems to darken round the path of holy men, and as they lift up their eyes for strength and consolation to the heavens above them, luminous with the glory of the saints, they cannot afford to lose the lustre of a single star. It is therefore a subject for sincere rejoicing that in late years the memory of Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, has been raised from comparative obscurity to its true position in the love and gratitude of the Christian Church. For a long period he was but faintly remembered as the author of the "Morning and Evening Hymns." But the first founders of the Oxford movement dwelt with loving reverence on the records of his biography; and the splendid narrative of Macaulay placed one memorable event of his life in a blaze of publicity. On June 25, 1885, the bicentenary of his consecration, and of the trial of the seven bishops, was commemorated by a festival in his own cathedral, by the unveiling of a window erected in his honor, and by a sermon worthy of the occasion preached by a brother bishop and a brother poet like-minded with himself, the Bishop of Derry and Raphoe. In a short time a life of Bishop Ken, fuller and more worthy than any which has yet appeared, will be published by my learned and eloquent friend, Dr. Plumptre, Dean of Wells. I shall rejoice if the few words which I shall here say about the saintly bishop prepare the reader to turn with deeper interest to a biography which will set before him a perfect picture of this great and good man.

Ken was a man who loved the shady path of humility and retirement. From his earliest days he had endeavored to subdue every impulse of worldly ambition, and had chosen for his favorite motto the words which he often wrote in Latin on the fly-leaves of his books, "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not, saith the Lord." Yet he was called upon by the providence which overruled his life to play a prominent part on the stage of contemporary history. From his childhood he was thrown into the society of refined and eminent men. As a boy he won the friendship of schoolfellows and college companions who grew up like himself to fill distinguished places in Church and State. He stood before kings, not before mean men. Charles II. respected him, though the young preacher

told him plainly of his faults. James II. regarded him with warm esteem. William III. honored his stainless worth. Mary loved him. Anne did her utmost to alleviate the distress of his old age. Samuel Pepys and Gilbert Burnet were unable to appreciate all his saintliness, but they bore testimony to his sincerity and his many gifts. John Evelyn and Lord Weymouth knew the supreme value of his influence in an unrighteous age. Dryden thought of him when he modernized Chaucer's immortal pictures of the "poore persone of religioun." He furnished the poet with a living prototype of a priest "whose soul was rich, though his attire was poor;" in whose face shone the light of charity; who thought much but spoke little; who was himself a living sermon, and who as a prelate despised the pomp of prelacy and lived in the spirit of his Saviour. His celebrity as a preacher began early, and when he preached at Whitehall or St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, vast congregations thronged to listen to his rapt and unwritten eloquence. During the best years of his life all England rang with the fame of his goodness.

But like other men he had his trials, and they were very severe. He was not suffered to spend all his days in the sunlight of prosperity. Dark and evil times came upon him. He was suspected of Romish tendencies. Because he was always moderate, he was attacked by the extreme men of every party. The tongue of shameful slander did not wholly spare his name. As one of the seven bishops he had to oppose one king; as one of the five non-juring bishops, he incurred the displeasure of another. Yet though he had sacrificed all for the sake of conscience, the more fanatical and irreconcilable non-jurors talked of his "wheedling ways," insultingly hinted that there was something also besides conscience at the bottom of his conduct, and could not forgive the charity and good sense which made him steadfastly refuse to countenance the guilt of perpetuating a needless schism. He faced poverty, and solitude, and homelessness, rather than make even "a little nick" on his own conscience, while many others were ready to inflict "a great gash" on theirs. A High Churchman, he was yet glad to be on the friendliest terms with worthy Nonconformists, and only replied to the taunt of those who reproached his conduct, "The Church of England teaches me charity for those who differ from her."

We cannot but gain by dwelling for a

few moments on the stainless integrity and lifelong self-crucifixion of this "God-ensouled soul."

Ken was born at Berkhamstead, in July, 1637. He lost his mother at the age of four, and the death of his father in 1651 left him an orphan at the age of fourteen. His parents were persons of godly character and fair position, and he says of them:—

E'er since I hung upon my mother's breast,
Thy love, my God, has me sustained and blest;
My virtuous parents tender of their child,
My education careful, pious, mild.

His orphanhood was rendered less disastrous than it might otherwise have been, by the fact that his sister Anne, who was twenty-seven years older than himself, had married Izaak Walton, the beloved author of "The Complete Angler," who testifies to her worth in the epitaph over her tomb in Worcester Cathedral. The house of Izaak Walton became Ken's house, during his school holidays and college vacations. Walton became a sort of foster-father to the boy. In that peaceful and pleasant household he was trained in the love of nature; was constantly reminded of those beautiful ideals of character, which Walton has immortalized in his "Lives;" and probably met many of the worthies of an elder generation. The signet-ring which Ken habitually used in latter years was a blood-stone, on which was carved Christ crucified, not on a cross but on an anchor, which Donne had bequeathed to Walton, and which Walton gave to Ken.

Among Walton's friends was Sir Henry Wotton, and it was, perhaps, through his influence, that Winchester was selected for his school-training. Of his school-life from 1651 to 1656, in the wholesome roughness of that famous school, very little is recorded, but it evidently left a deep impression both on his imagination and his character. It was there that he formed a lifelong friendship with Francis Turner, afterwards Bishop of Ely, with whom he shared the two chief crises of his career; with John Nicholas, afterwards warden of New College and Winchester; and with Edward Young, afterwards Dean of Salisbury, father of the author of "Night Thoughts." In 1656, he was elected to New College, but went to Hart Hall, now Hertford College, until an actual vacancy occurred. His school days had been studious and blameless, he had caught the best spirit of his school, and did his utmost to perpetuate its holiest traditions. The name, "Tho. Ken, 1656,"

carved by his own youthful hand, is still one of the objects of interest in the cloisters, and he conferred on the school an immortal benefit in one of his earliest works, the "Manual for Winchester Scholars."

The Winchester students of New College were then called fellows, and Ken was admitted to the fellowship in 1657, when he was twenty years old.

Oxford was passing through the stormy period which lasted with brief intermission from the beginning of the Civil War till the Revolution of 1688. The Parliamentary visitors between 1647 and 1660 had done their best to fill the university in general, and New College in particular, with rigid Calvinists. Cromwell was chancellor; the learned Puritan, John Owen, was dean of Christchurch and vice-chancellor. The rule of the Puritans was far from being the unmixed evil which it is sometimes represented to have been. If the old refinements of scholarship suffered, the tone of piety was far deeper and more general than it became after the Restoration. Owen allowed the Church of England services to be continued and the Holy Communion to be administered in private rooms. Francis Turner, George Hooper, afterwards Ken's successor at Bath and Wells, and Thomas Thynne, afterwards Lord Weymouth, were his chief friends; but among his illustrious college contemporaries he may have met John Locke and Robert Boyle, Wilkins (afterwards Bishop of Chester), Seth Ward (afterwards Bishop of Salisbury), Sprat (afterwards Bishop of Rochester), Sir Christopher Wren, and others who had a share in the subsequent founding of the Royal Society. Almost the only anecdote which has been preserved of his Oxford life was his habit of filling his pocket with small cash before he went a walk, that he might give it to the poor in casual alms.

In 1658 Cromwell died; in 1660 Charles II. was restored. Then followed that orgy of reaction against the stern morality of Puritanism which constitutes the most shameful chapter in English history. The Stuarts, like the Bourbons, had learnt nothing and forgotten nothing. All society was infused and infected with the taint of godlessness. No sneer was regarded as more deadly than to call a man "a saint." Harlots toyed with the crown of the Confessor in the galleries of Whitehall. Poetry and the drama abdicated their high functions to become "procures to the Lords of Hell." Innocence

and purity were popularity treated in the current literature as unmanly and Pharisaic. The university, so far from making a stand against the growing ungodliness, went "stark staring mad," and alike the undergraduates and the seniors who should have set them an example plunged headlong into profanity and vice. Such was the state of things when Ken was ordained in 1662; and although he loved the Church of England with an absolute affection, he must have confessed with a sigh that the restoration of her power and of her services had failed to arrest the decadence of spiritual life. How deep was the shame which he felt for the condition of the religious life of the Church is strikingly shown if he were the author of the book which, under the varying titles of "Expostulatoria," "Ichabod," and "Lachrymæ Ecclesiarum," has been attributed to him, and which speaks with indignant sorrow of ordination bestowed on "the young, the unlearned, the debauched, and the profane;" of scandalous indifference, of unconscionable simony, of encroaching pluralities, of non-residence, and of other scandals.

If his "Hymnotheo" be a thinly veiled autobiography, as is the opinion of his new and accomplished biographer, Ken seems himself to have felt that the tide of reactionary license was so violent as almost to carry him off his feet, to weaken his sense of belief in the Unseen Presence, and even to make him linger on the verge of serious temptation. If so, however, it is certain that the crisis of spiritual conflict was very short, and the victory decisive. In 1663 Ken was appointed, at the age of twenty-six, to the rectory of Little Easton, in Essex, and before he took possession of his living he devoted himself by silent resolve to a life of asceticism, celibacy, and religious meditation.

Both at Easton and in every pastoral charge which he served, he seems to have set before his eye the high ideal which he himself has painted in his forgotten and posthumous epic, "Edmund," and to have held that the best argument for Christianity is always a holy life. He says:—

Give me the Priest these Graces shall possess:
Of an Ambassador the just Address,
A Father's Tenderness, a Shepherd's Care,
A Leader's Courage, which the Cross can bear,
A Ruler's Arm, a Watchman's wakeful Eye,
A Pilot's Skill the Helm in Storms to ply,
A Fisher's Patience and a Lab'rer's Toil,
A Guide's Dexterity to disemboil,

A Prophet's Inspiration from Above,
A Teacher's Knowledge, and a Saviour's Love.

Give me the Priest, a Light upon a Hill,
Whose Rays his whole Circumference can fill;
In God's own Word, and sacred Learning
vers'd,

Deep in the Study of the Heart immers'd,
Who in such Souls can the Disease descry,
And wisely fit Restoratives apply.

In other respects, his two brief years at Easton are remarkable for the friendship which he formed with Lady Maynard, one of the devout ladies of that undevout age, of whom Lady Rachel Russell furnishes us with another lovely type. Ken, like other divines of the same type of mind, exercised a powerful influence over the minds of holy women, and was refreshed by female friendship. In later years his enemies aimed at him the scornful calumny that he was skilled chiefly in "persuading silly old women to tell down their dust."

In 1665 he resigned the living of Little Easton, perhaps, as Dean Plumtre conjectures, to become chaplain to Morley, Bishop of Winchester, and in 1666 he became a fellow of Winchester, and thus returned to the home of his boyhood. His relations with the wise and fatherly bishop were all the closer, because Morley in 1660 had taken Izaak Walton and his son to be inmates of his palace. Ken used his leisure to serve gratuitously the poor and neglected parish church of St John in the Soke; but in 1667 he was presented with the rectory of Brightstone, in the Isle of Wight—a valuable living which has been held by more than one eminent man. It was presented to Bishop Moberly when he retired from the headmastership of Winchester, and it was under a pear-tree in the garden that another rector, Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, wrote his "Agathos."

In 1669 Ken gave up this living to make room for another chaplain of Bishop Morley, and was then appointed a prebendary of Winchester, resuming his pastoral work at St. John in the Soke. He also wrote his manual for the Winchester boys, spending his days in work and study, and finding his happy recreation in music and the writing of hymns.

In 1675, his nephew, the younger Izaak Walton, had attained the age of twenty-four, and it was desirable that he should complete his education by the usual "grand tour." Ken accompanied him, and was doubtlessly actuated by the desire to see the workings of religious life in

other countries. He visited Paris and Lyons, and the Grande Chartreuse, and, above all, Rome. The visit to the Eternal City produced on his mind the same effect of disenchantment that it had produced a century earlier on the mind of Luther. On his return he found himself suspected more than ever of Papal leanings; but when James II. complimented him on the "Catholic" character of some passages in his writings, Ken plainly told him that whatever might once have been his leanings towards Romanism, they had been cured by the New Testament, and by his visit to Rome in 1675. At Rome too he must have become acquainted with the Quietism of Molinos, who published his "Spiritual Guide" that very year. Ken has been called the Fénelon of the English Church. He had many points of sympathy with the views of Molinos, as was shown by his "Practice of Divine Love." His feelings towards the Church of Rome would be entirely alienated by the cruel manner in which the Quietists and Molinos himself were treated by the Jesuits and the Inquisition.

Returning in 1676 he resumed his quiet life at Winchester as a pastor, an ascetic, a total abstainer. But he was not allowed a long period of calm. The condition of the times was frightful, but happily his seclusion kept him from contact with the horrible madness and iniquity which disgraced the nation during the so-called Popish Plot. Several of his friends had by this time come in contact with the court circle, and through their influence, together with his own rising fame as a preacher, he was appointed, in 1679, as chaplain at the Hague, in succession to his friend Hooper. He was there thrown into close intercourse with William, Prince of Orange, and Mary, and he discharged his duties with characteristic faithfulness and courage. There was nothing which attracted him in the sullen and saturnine aspect which William presented to all except his closest friends. He watched with indignation the coldness and harshness of the prince towards his wife, as well as his attempts to prejudice her against the Church of England and its great divines. "Dr. Ken," says Henry Sidney, who was envoy at the Hague in 1680, "is horribly unsatisfied with the prince, and thinks that he is not kind to his wife; he resolved to speak with him though he kicks him out of doors." He did speak to him, probably both on this subject and on his notorious unfaithfulness, and when through his reproaches he

had induced Count Zulestein to marry a maid-of-honor whom he had wronged, William rudely threatened to dismiss him. Ken, "resenting his threats," refused to be dismissed by him, but said that he would at once ask leave of the Princess Mary to leave her service. William, however, saw that it would be a very impolitic step on his part to offend public opinion in England by breaking with Ken, and he was always magnanimous enough to admire courage and consistency. Ken consented to remain a year longer, and employed his time in a manner that redounded to his own honor.

We will reserve the remainder of his fortunes for a second paper.

From Chambers' Journal.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE FLOODED THEISS.

OUR "oldest inhabitant" in this part of Hungary has seen some unpleasant weather in his time; summer droughts that withered every green thing, autumn waterspouts that washed the townsfolk out of their beds; but for a winter of snow, he remembers nothing like this year of 1888. The snow was everywhere, blocking railway trains, obliterating roads, burying hamlets in one night, so that the dwellers therein had to get out of their houses by the chimneys. The vast Hungarian plain was hidden for weeks under a white shroud; and in the Carpathians, the snow was so deep that valleys were levelled up, and forests were unseen beneath their covering of ice crystals.

All through the spring even, till the Ides of March were come and gone, the frost never relaxed its grip upon mountain and plain; thus the storage of accumulated snow was in no way reduced; and we knew there would be mischief when the warm winds came, more especially if the thaw were sudden.

My home is about twelve miles from the Theiss, on a spur of the Tokay Hills. I am very glad to be at a respectful distance from the river, particularly since the engineers in their wisdom have seen fit to interfere with nature in a way she will not stand. The Theiss in its natural course describes a perpetual letter S after descending from the mountains; but the engineers, in what they call regulating the river, have shortened its meanderings by cutting straight canals across the turnings and twistings. The result is that the melted snows come down from the Car-

pathians in as many days now as formerly in weeks, and in consequence the floods are much more destructive than they used to be. This spring, as we feared, the change of temperature was very sudden, and then every day came fresh tales of disaster. The Theiss was reported to be in places thirty-five feet above its summer level. I was anxious to see how things really were, and so I started off one morning with my servant in a light cart, intending to go firstly to Tokay. We drove along all right for an hour; but on approaching the village of Kerester, on the Bodrog, we found the principal street already three feet in water, and the river was reported to be rising. The people were busy moving out their goods and chattels in boats; and there was much tribulation and wringing of hands, for the houses, of sun-dried bricks, were many of them melting away in the brown waters. We pushed on by the main road, but found ourselves stopped by something like six feet of water. I determined to send my servant on with the trap by a rough disused road over the hill, while I struck across the vineyards by a bee-line to the town. It was just hereabouts that Klapka the Hungarian defeated the Austrian General Sellick in 1849—a memorable day in the War of Independence.

After a toilsome trudge over the uneven ground, I soon came upon an extensive view to the eastward, and saw for myself the ravages the floods had already made. The aspect of the country was quite changed, for there was an extensive lake where fertile fields had been, and many familiar landmarks were submerged. Reaching Tokay, I learnt that sixty houses had fallen, and many others showed ominous cracks and settlements. After an early dinner at the inn, which fortunately was above high-water mark, I hurried off to an embankment where they were making every effort to keep back the invading waters; if they failed, a fresh tract of country would be flooded. It was a scene of great activity—carts drawn by white oxen with enormous horns were perpetually bringing up sack loads of earth to build up the defence; numbers of soldiers were at work, so that it had something the aspect of a place besieged. Near by, the government have a large salt-store; the water was rushing through like a millrace—three thousand tons had been already washed away. Leaving my own conveyance at Tokay, I procured a lighter but rougher cart to drive to the village of Tardos, as I wished to see how

things were going on farther down the Theiss. The village is situated on a natural ridge, so that we had a stiff pull at the last bit of the road. On attaining the summit, we realized at once how extensive the floods were here. With my field-glass I could see a few houses of Tisza-Eszlar standing out of the water. This was the place made so notorious three or four years ago by the alleged murder of a Christian girl by the Jews.

At Tardos I procured a boat to take me across to Tisza-Lök, as it was my intention to stay a day or two at Baron V——'s place in the immediate neighborhood of this small town. My boatman, an intelligent old man, enlarged upon the engineering mistakes that had been made in regulating the Theiss. "You can't stack up water like a rick of hay," said he, "and you can't make straight what God ordained should be crooked. The floods are far worse than they used to be. What is wanted is a free outlet for the rivers of Hungary at the Iron Gates of the Danube; but politics get mixed up with things as ought to be done down there." He was a shrewd old fellow, and had hit the right nail on the head.

We were some time getting across the river, for it was nearly two miles wide, and the current was strong; besides, we had to take care of submerged trees, snags, and such-like. There was a magnificent sunset, which dyed the waters crimson, so that earth and sky were mingled in a glowing canopy of roseate flame very wonderful to behold, but passing all too quickly. Landing while it was yet light on the top of the dam which is supposed to protect the little town or village, we beheld a terrible scene of disaster. At least two-thirds of the village of four thousand inhabitants was in ruins. The scene of confusion was indescribable. Soldiers were going about in pontoons, taking the people off from mounds, walls, or vanishing ridges of earth, to some ark of refuge on higher ground. Pieces of furniture and the bodies of dead animals were floating about in the muddy waters, that had invaded the town from the other side of the embankment. The telegraph poles had given way and were lying with their entangled wires across a mass of floating timber. It was heart-rending to see the poor people, hundreds of them, encamped out on every available bit of higher ground. Some had set up a temporary shelter of boards and matting, against which were piled such remnants of their household goods as they had saved. Here and there

a cow was tethered, with a bare bundle or two of fodder, the sight of which must have filled the poor beast with dismay, if she could have thought of the morrow. The people were marvellously patient in their trouble; but it was sad indeed to see the sick and old folk turned out without a roof to cover them. The children were mostly gay and frolicsome, thinking it all good fun, poor little souls; they had had their suppers probably, and the doubtful breakfast was the other side of a jolly picnic night under the bright stars.

Baron V——'s place is happily well out of the reach of the flood. Of course he was occupied with directing such measures of relief as were possible in the face of this widespread disaster. A gentleman who arrived shortly after I did at the baron's, told us he had passed a terrible time at the village of Tisza-Kénéz the night before. It seems that in the middle of the night, in profound darkness, they were roused from sleep by the dread sound of the tocsin and the shrill call of the bugle. Every soul knew at once that this meant the waters were breaking over the dike that hitherto had safeguarded them from the flood. The whole village turned out together with a detachment of a hundred soldiers. There was a hurrying to the spot where danger threatened, amidst call to arms, cries, orders, and counter-orders. "The whole scene," said our informant, "was lit up by the flare of petroleum torches, darting to and fro like fireflies in the blackness, while the agitated mass of angry waters was visible under the glow of a dozen bonfires burning on the edge of the embankment." The poor people, men, women, and children, it seems, worked with desperate energy all through the night; and happily, when the sun rose, they were rewarded with the certain knowledge that the ruin and desolation of their homes and fields were averted, at least for the present.

The morning after my arrival at Baron V——'s I found that a relief party were to assist in conducting a raft of six hundred boards, wanted for the repairs of the dike at Tisza-Dada, a large village some miles farther down the river. As they were rather short of hands, I offered to go with the corporal and four men who were to accompany the raft in a pontoon. We left Tisza-Lök at one o'clock; the weather was very fine; and for about two hours we drifted slowly but surely down the stream, our pontoon being tied to the raft. But we now approached a part of the river where the banks were higher and the

strength of the current much stronger, so that the navigation of the raft became extremely difficult. At length at a sudden turn of the river we encountered a regular whirlpool. Here we came in sight of a steamer that was aground. Impelled by the force of the current, the raft with our pontoon in tow bore down straight for the steamer. I thought a collision was inevitable; but by great exertion and good luck, the raftsman kept clear of the vessel. It was the nearest shave. No sooner had we escaped this danger than we sighted an enormous snag with its roots upwards, well out of the water and right in our course. Here we were not so fortunate; spite of every effort, the raft bore straight upon the snag. We were prepared, each with an oar in his hand; but we were brought up very suddenly and sharply. The difficulty now was to disentangle the floating mass of timber from the roots of the snag. I thought the whole fabric would have broken up; but literally by hook and by crook we got our raft free, and once more we were in the full swim of the stream. We were going at a great rate, and it was all very well as long as our course was straight; but the constant bends of the river were awkward. Seeing a row of partially submerged trees in front of us, we took the precaution to disconnect the pontoon; and it was well we had done so, for, carried round by the current, the raft went crashing into the trees. We saw at once that the raft was breaking up. Some of the outer logs were torn away by the swirl of the water, and drifted off in midstream. The men called loudly for help, which we quickly rendered them, and succeeded in rescuing two of the poor fellows, who were half immersed in the water. To our dismay, we saw the other two, who were quite out of our reach, floating away on a portion of the wreck which had become detached. The logs turned round and round in the whirlpool, then headed into the very centre of the current, and were off at a pace swifter than any ordinary boat could follow them.

In our frantic efforts to give chase, our pontoon got jammed in between the trees. We were terribly afraid of a broken branch or snag knocking a hole in the iron, when our own fate might have been doubtful; so we were forced to be careful. At length we got free of this entanglement, and rowed with a will after the two luckless men, who were careering madly on their unwilling race. Fortunately they had a rope with them, and we were rejoiced to see that they threw this,

lasso fashion, over some partly submerged trees. This brought them up sharp, and we thought all was well. We rowed for our lives; but our pontoon was heavy, and clumsy in the water, and did not make so much way as we could wish. We were now within fifty yards of them; another minute and we could have boarded them with the boathook, which was held ready at the bow, when the rope that held the raftsmen snapped, and away they went on their half-dozen boards, caught as before in the strong current.

It was a terrible moment. We heard the shriek the poor fellows gave when the rope broke, and when they saw themselves whirled off again with nothing but a frail plank between them and the devouring flood. When all seemed dead against their chance of rescue, the portion of the wrecked raft was brought up by a hidden snag, that probably caught some hanging piece of chain. Now was our time. We stuck to our oars manfully; our boathook gripped their chains; we were alongside in another moment, and, thank Heaven, the poor fellows were saved. I never saw men more thoroughly frightened; yet the Hungarian peasant is no coward.

We had now to make the best of our way to Dada, to render an official report of our mishap in losing the raft. It was well we had not to report the loss of life.

We found that the waters had not reached, and were not likely to reach, the large village of Dada, for it is on fairly high ground; but their farms were flooded. It is calculated that the Theiss has spread thirty miles inland; and it will probably be two years before the land is freed from the plague of waters.

From The Nineteenth Century.

"THE FIRST-BORN SON OF DEATH."

THERE can be no doubt that public opinion on the very grave question of leprosy is very different now from what it was a few years ago.

Nevertheless, from observations made during a recent six months' tour in India, I am convinced that public opinion concerning it is still far from what it ought to be. We are only half-awake to a great evil and a great shame. And unless we are thoroughly and speedily roused to active measures it would in no wise be rash to prophesy that, instead of having it brought before us as it has recently been brought before the medical faculty of Paris, it will be brought home to us as it

has been brought home to the people of Natal and Queensland. In both these places the actual invasion of leprosy has driven the inhabitants, in self-defence, to summon public meetings and call upon the authorities to act at once and isolate the infected.

Fortunately for me it is not necessary for my purpose to refer to the special horrors of the disease, or to discuss the vexed question of its heredity or contagiousness or infectiousness. Enough has already been said for public information on these points. It is now generally known that the children and descendants of lepers frequently become lepers either by way of inheritance or by direct infection from their parents. It is also undeniable that healthy persons — natives and even Europeans who are beyond the suspicion of hereditary taint — if they continually associate with lepers are liable to contract the disease, whether by involuntary inoculation or by other means it is no part of my present purpose to decide.

My object is merely to say, with the utmost brevity, what I myself saw and heard three months ago in India, and to propose a simple remedy. My route lay by Ceylon and Madras to Calcutta, and thence to the districts of Nudra Zillah and Santhalia, where I visited about thirty villages, proceeding thence to the leper-stricken city of Ranigunj, with its attendant leper villages, Mejia and Kushti.

Then I went to the leading cities in the north-west provinces, and afterwards to the Punjab and Cashmere, visiting Bombay on my way home and making the acquaintance there of Dr. Vandyke Carter, the great authority on leprosy. During this tour I found lepers in almost every town and village on my route, even though my stay in the place might be only of a few hours' duration.

The official report gives one hundred and thirty-five thousand as the existing number of lepers in India, but there can be little doubt that they already exceed two hundred and fifty thousand, and that their numbers are steadily increasing. Nor can this increase be wondered at, for whether the disease is propagated by contagion or by heredity it has every opportunity of increasing.

I saw most ghastly lepers begging in the streets and in the balconies of houses. I met them at railway stations and in places of public resort. In one small bazaar a friend of mine told me he had just counted twelve. I even heard of one who was employed by an English baker in the making of bread.

It is moreover estimated that all the copper money in India has passed through the hands of lepers. I found in Bombay a man whose hands were covered with leprosy, engaged in the railway service as a ticket-collector. Who can estimate the danger to the English and native community of many hundreds of railway tickets daily passing through this man's hands? An English lady in the same city had, just before my arrival, fallen a victim to the disease.

Lepers, with their revolting miseries fully exposed, associate freely with the community. They marry when they choose; they love a roving life, and thus continually become fresh centres for propagating the disease.

I was assured by Mr. MacGuire, the superintendent of the Leper Asylum in Calcutta, that he could testify, from often-repeated observations, that in the congregations of poor people who assemble at the funeral feasts of the wealthy natives, one person in three was a leper. By the same authority I was told that the asylum was generally overcrowded, and that the police do not hesitate to bring in cabs lepers who are in a dying state, and for whom it is necessary to turn out some less imminent cases.

Indeed the evil is so widespread that — as Lord Dufferin said to me — one might almost as readily undertake to rid India of its snakes as of its leprosy. Moreover, the absence of Indian public opinion on such matters, and the constitutional calousness of the native mind, increase the difficulty in a way that English readers can scarcely estimate. So careless of danger does the Indian fatalism make men to this evil that, in the great leper hospital at Tarantarn, the authorities — as I was assured by an official there — have to hunt out relatives of the diseased, who have come in pretending that they are leprous, and who are actually willing to become infected for the sake of acquiring board, lodging, and the power of living an idle life. The Indian desires above all things to be a man of money, and what the leper at Tarantarn likes is to save two out of the three rupees allowed him monthly, and either to hide them in the ground, put them out at interest, or invest them in jewelry for his wife. One man had thus acquired six hundred rupees — at the cost of most wretched diet, and consequent increase of the disease.

I should be the last to advise the bringing so painful a matter before the public if there were not a remedy. But I believe

there is one, and it is simple, if only the indifference of public opinion can be overcome. For whatever is done must be begun in England, and officially begun; then it will be worked out in India, and, judging from what has already been done in one notable case, there can be little doubt that large sums of money would be given by rich native gentlemen as soon as they felt the pressure of government's authority and approval.

And the most speedy and practical way in which this result could be effected seems to me to be this: —

That the supreme government should enact: 1. That each district should have a leper asylum in its district town (where already two medical officers — a European and a native — reside in the district hospital), and that the cost of the maintenance of the lepers should be met by their municipalities and district boards. It would be no great hardship that each village should thus be called upon to support in an asylum the lepers who already subsist on its alms. 2. That any leprous person being found without any ostensible means of support should be taken by the police to the nearest civil surgeon for examination, and that the police should then have power, with the surgeon's certificate, to bring him before a magistrate, who should be empowered to confine him in the nearest asylum, to be detained there till further order of the court. (At present lepers go in and out of hospitals just when they choose.)

Such an act is already in force with regard to lunatics, and the case of lepers is far more pressing.

The act would only touch vagrant begging lepers, but it is they who are the greatest danger to the community; and if this much-needed and *comparatively* inexpensive reform could be effected, others would doubtless follow, and in an appreciable time our Indian Empire might be rid of the terrible scourge of leprosy.

From our own land (which had formerly two hundred and fifty leper hospitals) it has been banished by careful segregation and wise sanitary measures. In Norway the government, with a revenue of about a million, has not hesitated to legislate to such good purposes that in thirty years the number of home cases of leprosy has decreased seventy-five per cent.

In India — as far as I can discover — nothing is being done by the government to arrest the devastation of this terrible disease, fitly called by the Greeks "the first born son of death."

EDWARD CLIFFORD

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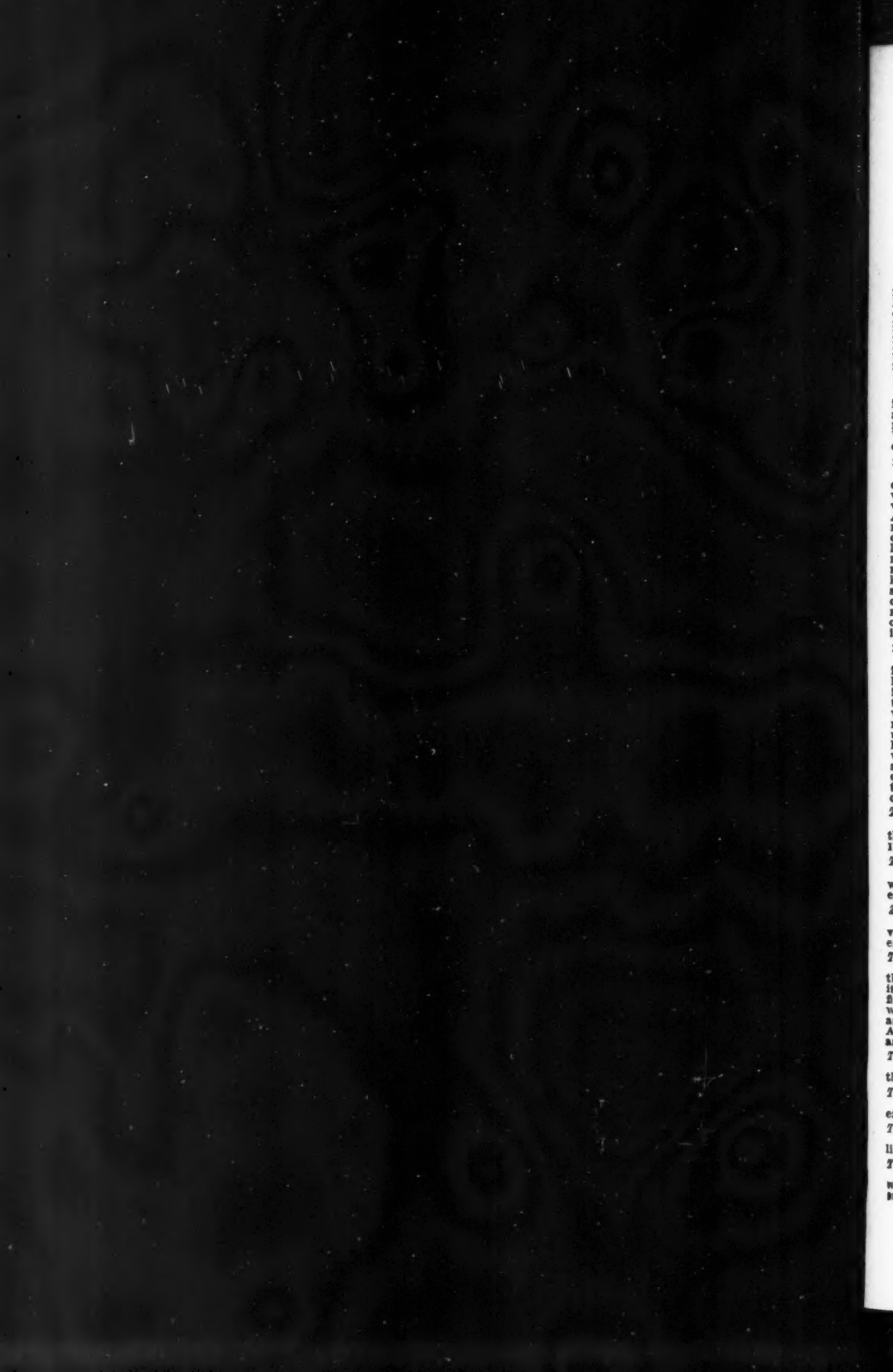
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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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